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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Visit to the Falls of Niagara in 1800. Large 8vo. pp. 350. London, 1826. Longman and Co., and R. Nichols, Wakefield.

"O WHAT a Fall was there, my countrymen!" see Shakspeare, in Julius Cæsar, *passim*; and well worth a visit. Only it has been visited so often, that we feared there could be nothing new in the volume, for which we are indebted to John Maude, Esq., of Moor House. Our conjecture has, however, turned out to be unfounded. Mr. Maude's manner is so peculiarly his own; the anecdotes he rehearses are so piquant (Waterton himself is hardly superior!); and his whole journal is so original, so unique, that we promise our readers some entertainment from it, at any rate in our review. And we put in the last salvo for this reason—that our review shall be divested of all the trivial records which crowd, rather too much, the pages of Mr. Maude. *Ex gratia*, we shall not state (in more than the three successive paragraphs, which we copy as an example of such insignificant memoranda,) that

"Yesterday enclosed Mr. Isaac's letter to the Mayor of Albany.

"In the afternoon of the same day Mr. P. S. Van Rensselaer left his card.

"This morning left card at Mr. Van Rensselaer's, who was gone to Schenactady."

It may be important to mention that these, and three or four equally interesting entries, occur under the date of June 27th, when the author was at Albany; and that, on the 29th of the same month, he made the extraordinary discovery related in the following passage:—

"*Cold North West Wind; a fire this day would not have been unpleasant*"!!!

It has long been a maxim with us, that no writer will ever get to be upon good terms with the public, who is not upon good terms with himself; and we therefore hail it as an auspicious omen for Mr. Maude, that he seems to enjoy the latter agreeable feeling in ample plenitude.

"Numerous journals," he tells us in his preface, "written by one whose early life was spent in travel, and now clothed in *handsome bindings*, have for many years quietly occupied their places on the well-filled and *splendid shelves of the Moor-House Library*. After the lapse of one-fourth of a century, ONE of these volumes has been withdrawn from its repose, and, without transcribing, has been printed at the press of his native town.

"The author having with much pleasure observed, that a *superior and distinguished class of English travellers* have recently turned their attention from '*la belle France*' and '*classic Italy*,' to the hitherto neglected shores of North America, has ventured to publish this 'Journal of a Visit to the Falls of Niagara,' in the hope that it may induce *others of high rank* to visit a country through which they cannot journey without great and lasting benefit to both nations."

And in the body of the work, the subjoined instances of a superior mind are adduced with the *naïveté* of a Montaigne. The scene is Montreal, and the date September 23d: we delight in being particular on such momentous matters.

"Dined, and passed the evening at Mr. Cuthbert's. The conversation turning upon riddles, I observed that riddles were easy of solution in proportion to their apparent difficulty; more easy as they became more paradoxical: as a ship is known at first sight by those who know little or nothing of its materials: and that I never had been long puzzled by a riddle, nor did I think that I could be. Mrs. Cuthbert replied, that she knew a riddle which had baffled the penetration of all to whom she had ever proposed it, and that if I found it out, she would give me and my friends a dance. The words of the riddle I have forgotten; but I very soon hit upon the solution, which was, 'A whale during the time that Jonah was in its belly.' As I was to leave Montreal the next day, the cards were instantly sent out, and the party speedily assembled; among whom were my friends M^c^Kenzie, Derenzy, and Wells, of New York. I won also a dinner from Mr. Cuthbert, by finding out Lord Chesterfield's '*Impenetrable Secret*.'"

Having thus partially prepared our readers for the display of talents and ability which they have a right to expect from so highly gifted an individual, we proceed to cull from his work a few of its many Beauties and Flowers. We abstain from minuting his route: suffice it to say, that in the first part he travels from New-York to Niagara; in the second, traverses Upper Canada; and in the third, returns by water to New-York. *Ergo*, part first, Travels in the United States.

Saturday, July 19th, at Bath, "bathed in the lake; form a circle—half a mile, perhaps less, in diameter; neither inlet nor outlet; not fathomable, at least great depth of line has been sunk to no purpose—supposed the mouth of a volcano. Dana and Cuyler saw a *strange fish*—two fore-feet or paws—goggling eyes!—a young mermaid perhaps—or an imp escaped from hell!"

Not having seen this strange American fish, we are not competent to decide which of the author's hypotheses is the most likely to be correct. We are, however, rather inclined to the latter, because we think it would be very natural for "an imp escaped from hell" to take to the refreshing coolness of the bath; and "the goggling eyes" are more in unison with our ideas of such a being than with our predications respecting young maids of any kind, whether human, flat-fish, or mermaids. The great American sea-serpent also, so frequently seen, but never caught, it strikes us, may be ("perhaps," as Mr. Maude would say) the big foul fiend himself, and this "*strange*" creature, which amazed Dana and Cuyler, merely one of his fry. But the question is altogether encumbered with difficulties; and we must earnestly recommend its investigation to the Bench of Bishops theologically, and to the Linnæan Society naturally-historically. We now return to our author.

Hopetown, near Utica, "saw a large owl, also a black squirrel; these are larger than the English red squirrel, and much longer in proportion to the height and thickness, nearly approaching the shape of the weasel. The red squirrel of this part of the country is, however, less than the English squirrel; whilst the grey squirrel is at least six times as large, and is very good eating—might be mistook for rabbit. I have made many good dinners upon them in my travels through the western parts of North Carolina and Virginia. Of these three species of American squirrels, the red and the grey are rarely to be met with in the Genesee; the black squirrels, on the contrary, are so numerous in particular seasons, that about twelve months ago, ten young men of this place agreed to have a squirrel-feast: they divided into two bands of five each, took contrary directions in the woods, returned at an hour agreed upon to an entertainment provided at the expense of the party who had killed the fewest squirrels: the number killed was three hundred, of which number there was not one red, and but one grey. Squirrel-feasts are very common in the back settlements of America, but in no part more so than in Kentucky, where the grey squirrels are more numerous than even the black squirrel in the Genesee. In Kentucky the rule is, that no squirrel is to count that is not shot through the head with a rifle ball; nor does it count if it has two wounds.—Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Madison County, Kentucky, dated Richmond, April 4, 1805:—'On counting the scalps yesterday, of a squirrel-hunt in this county, there were, including a few crows' and hawks' scalps, eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven produced on the ground.'"

What miserable figures do our grand *battus* and pigeon-shooting matches cut against such a return of scalps as this. O Waterton, Waterton! thou marine on a cayman, hide thy diminished head!

"Genesee River—Big Spring.—I was much entertained by observing a species of snipe constantly fluttering near the surface of the water, from which they were very busy in picking up their food; but this employment met with constant interruption from a pigeon-hawk, whom they however baffled with the greatest facility. They did not appear to see the hawk till they were, as it were, in his talons; they then dipped into the water, but the immersion was so sudden—so quickly did they emerge again, I could scarcely perceive that they went under the water at all. A duck, which was sailing quietly on the spring, did not come off so well; I saw it shot with a rifle, by Hotbread, an Indian chief. He was an old Seneca warrior, between sixty and seventy years old, whose mother was still living.

"This venerable princess, who, being named from a sulphur spring, is [elegantly] called Canawagos, or Stink-hole, can be proved, I

was informed, to be at least one hundred and twenty years old! yet able to walk about and plant her own maize. She lives surrounded by forty of her children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren, and some of the latter old enough to make her a great-great-grandmother. The residence of this tribe is very near Hartford, or Canawagos.

"Hotbread's beard was about two inches long, but thin. He had a nag with him whose ears were rimmed and tipt with silver!"

Ears *rimmed* with silver—another story of *Rimini* for the poetical pen of Leigh Hunt, whose Examiner, by the by, has, we hear, been trying to attract our notice by some attacks upon the Literary Gazette,—just as if we would condescend to strife with such an opponent!!!

Somewhere near the mighty Hudson River, Mr. Maude met with a girl called Betsy, who, *mus*-like, was "born at the foot of the mountain," and informed our inquisitive tourist that she too "had been a *great* traveller," for she "had been once to the Meeting and twice to the Mill."

But even this story, amusing as it is, must yield the palm to the following. "Lieutenant Kipp told some camp anecdotes;" viz.—

"Major Wilcox, to try whether the sentinel and the officer on guard *knew their duty*, gave the wrong countersign to the one, and the wrong parole to the other; the consequence was, (as the major knew not how to extricate himself,) that the young lieutenant, then on duty, sent the major, under charge of a file of men, to the guard-house.

"Colonel Smith, the commandant, wishing also to try the sentinel, when returning to camp one night with a horse and chair, gave when challenged 'Who goes there?' 'Horse and chair!' the sentinel immediately exclaimed, 'Chair, stand still! horse, advance, and give the countersign!'"

Camp anecdotes seem to be about as good as college anecdotes generally are; pointed, full of wit, and extremely laughable. "Horse, give the countersign," is inconceivably droll. Of Albany, though generally very favourable to America and the Americans, Mr. Maude gives a very unprepossessing character. He sayeth—

"Had I the kind devil-upon-two-sticks to befriend me, (for I know not how otherwise a stranger can get acquainted with the routine of their domestic economy,—so sacred from profanation do they keep their household Lares!) I would, ere I bid adieu to this place, offer some observations on the manners of the Albanians, especially of the old Dutch inhabitants. However, let us hear what says the duke de Liancourt:—'L'hospitalité pour les étrangers ne paraît pas être la qualité dominante des citoyens d'Albany; le peu que nous en avons vu est triste, lourd, vit chez lui avec une femme quelquefois belle, souvent gauche, à laquelle il ne dit pas trente paroles par jour, quoiqu'il l'appelle, *my dear!*'

"If these 'lourds,' when living, have not the heart to entertain their friends, they are at least generous to profusion when dead; when their eye cannot see, when their tongue cannot chide, and when their heart cannot grieve for the waste and extravagance of the 'merry mourners,' who, to supply the loss of their friend, liberate and adopt his wine; who, as they consign the one to darkness, draw forth the other to light; and who, as good and honest executors, wishing to do justice to the parties, take care that when the vault receives the one, it resigns the other: thus, no man gets drunk with his own wine; thus, the saddest are the most joyful; thus, though the host is not drunk, he is dead; though the guests are not dead, they are drunk: and thus no scandal to say the host and guests are dead-drunk. If I have any thing more to say of Albany, 'tis, that it is beyond the latitude of cherries. * * *

"The woods are almost entirely beech and sugar maple; also hickeries, butter-nut, and other species of walnut; bass, (the American name for lime or linden,) tulip-tree, or white-wood, or magnolia, elm, poplar or aspen, and oak. Ground covered with the vines of wild strawberries. Met a boy with a woodchuck, or ground-hog—a hog in miniature. Met a man with a string of small trout. Kane killed two garter and one black snake; saw milk snake dead on the road. Kane has sworn never to forgive the snake permitting the devil to take its form on a memorable occasion; and is therefore determined to pass no opportunity of '*bruising the serpent's head*,' and that too with '*his heel.*'"

Here, again, we have our author at his infernal speculations: we abstain from discussing them; but if Kane should happen to be right in his principles, it is gratifying to know that the hogs in this part of the United States are equally wise and christian, for they, too, "hunt for and pursue" snakes with indefatigable eagerness and avidity; and what is more, they eat them greedily. Perhaps—as Mr. M. does not assign any religious reason for this fact—perhaps their revenge arises out of the devils once entering into a drove of them. Be this as it may, the rattle-snake war seems to be bitterly contested.

"Mr. Armstrong," our author relates, "gave me a large rattle of ten joints, lately taken from a rattle-snake which had bit his brother. On receiving the bite, the youth tied a string very tight round his leg, a little above the wound: for this purpose a withe of the bark of white ash is the best, as it infallibly prevents the poison ascending beyond it. He then went home, and cut out a piece of flesh from his leg where the fangs had entered, squeezed out the blood, and put salt and indigo into the wound, over which he held a piece of the flesh of the rattle-snake; when this grew putrid, which it did in a few minutes, he applied a fresh piece, till he had used up all the snake. For a few hours his leg continued swelled, and much yellow matter oozed from the wound; he was, however, enabled to go to his work the second day."

But now, let us penetrate into Upper Canada, that we may shew our author upon British colonial as well as upon American ground. Visiting Niagara, he (extraordinary as it may seem) "*met with* a whortleberry bush," (a very odd thing to *meet with* in its travels); and, moreover, "saw a young bear, which, *being in great want of food*, was sucking his hams [and no bad dish either, to our taste, even when *we* are not in great want of food], not paws," as Mr. M. "was informed *they* will continue doing hours together, when hungry:" a practice worthy of imitation. But Niagara, farewell!

"I was now going to take leave, and perhaps for ever, of an object, to attain a sight of which had been a principal design of mine for many years;—an object that for these last four days had been 'my ever-new delight!'—an object that J. O——, esq., a gentleman of the law in New-York, was this summer induced to visit, who, to have a better view of the Falls, would not deign to dismount, but at the first sight, exclaimed, '*Is that all?*' and rode on! So true is that trite saying, 'Many men—many minds!'"

Mr. Waterton made a shower-pump of them for a sprained foot: "to what *base* uses Falls may come at last."

At Montreal the author was introduced to an individual almost as old as the cataract itself: he was "a *veteran* of *one hundred and eighteen* years of age! He had served in the battle of Malplaquet, and was at the conquest of Canada under Wolfe and Amherst. He was bent nearly double, but could walk with the aid of sticks."

Sailing along the Champlain; Mr. M. (who played a sly trick with a nun, by pretending not to comprehend French) says,

"Upon this expedition I had been obliged to brush up my old French, as interpreter to the party. I had hitherto been content merely to proclaim our wants; but seeing at this early hour, a young girl standing before a bit of broken glass, in a linsey-woolsey petticoat and without gown, most assiduously decorating her hair with powder, pomatum, and ribbons, I asked her if those were not her bridal ornaments? 'Alas!' said the mother, 'she is indeed going to be married! She is too young; she is scarcely sixteen: we want her to wait a year or two, but young girls think it a fine thing this matrimony!' Neither this mournful speech, nor our presence, could for a moment withdraw the damsel's attention from the decoration of her head; but the entrance of a young clown had a very different effect, as, without ceremony, he went up and saluted her at her *toilette*. The youth appeared to have made no alteration in his usual dress: hers was confined to her *coiffure*; for, *without putting on a gown*, she immediately accompanied him to the door, and, after kissing her mother, drove off in a calash to church."

This is a fine picture of Canadian attachment and love; literally taking a girl without a covering. But it now requires us to register for immortality an instance of the matchless intrepidity of our admirable author. Being shewn to a bed-room, somewhere near the Heights of Abraham, he tells us—

"A discovery I did make, however, of a most alarming nature: hid in my room, thirsting for my blood, I, on turning down the bed-clothes, espied two bugs, fortunately for me, too impatient for their victim; more, I knew, were in ambush. Making a precipitate retreat, I requested Mrs. Harrold to shew me to another bed-room. 'Another bed-room! I could shew you another and another, but a bed without bugs, we've no such luxury!' 'I must sleep, then, on the kitchen table.' 'We have, to be sure, another room, but'—'But what?' 'Nay, sir, if you are *afraid* of bugs'—'But what of that other room?' 'To be sure it's only report.' 'Report! what do you meam?' 'Why, sir, they say the room is *haunted*.' 'Of course never slept in?' 'No, not for many, many years.' 'The bugs long since starved to death then! Let me have some bedding, well aired and carefully examined, taken into the *haunted* chamber: if there is an old bedstead, well; if not, let the bed be made on the floor.' 'Dear sir, any body might think you were serious!' 'Serious! I am serious! Will a ghost suck my blood? Will a ghost crawl over my body? Will a ghost stink under my nose? I dread a bug, that's certain; but I am not afraid of a *bugbear!*' 'I wish others, sir, were of your opinion; for though we have the house almost rent free, we are afraid we shall be obliged to give it up, as no servant will live in the house

with us; and even your servants, sir, though they're soldiers, have declared that unless the captain will give them leave to have lodgings elsewhere, they will sit all night by the kitchen fire!' 'And now, Mrs. Harrold, inform me how the good people at Quebec account for the house being haunted?' 'It was once a play-house, but soon after was converted into a tavern; and a man is said to have been murdered in the room you are to sleep in!'"

Yet our gallant countryman, of whose prowess we have reason to be proud—our gallant traveller, we have to state, absolutely braved the horrors of this chamber; and thus modestly develops the catastrophe.

"I was yet in bed when Captain Frende's and Lieutenant Hall's servants came into my room to see if all was well with me. They had not been prevailed upon to sleep in the house, and would rather have received five hundred lashes than have passed the night in my room. They certainly were glad to find that I was safe, but much disappointed to learn that I had neither seen nor heard any thing alarming. How singular are the effects of habit and education. These really brave fellows would with alacrity have stormed a battery, and yet were afraid of a ghost. I, on the contrary, knew that what is called a ghost was a non-entity, and would much rather have slept in a haunted tower, than have exposed myself to grape shot."

Shall we dispel the gloom and terrible interest of this fearful adventure by a pleasant story? Continuing their journey, Mr. M. mentions—

"The first house which we came to was so very filthy, that we determined to look out for another; the second, which was the post-house, was little better, and in one respect worse, it containing six dirty children. Eggs and milk were all the provisions that the house could afford, but we had abundant stores of our own. Among the women was a very old dame, who gave up her bed to Hall, and slept with two other of the women. Hall was not satisfied with getting the old lady's bed, but could not resist interrupting her prayers, for we all slept in one room; he every now and then gave her a slap, which her posture he said so irresistibly invited, with a 'Come, have not you done yet?' The old lady, instead of shewing any resentment at this behaviour, mildly desired that he would not interrupt her, as she had to begin again; but neither the old dame's request, nor Captain Frende's nor my persuasion, had any effect upon Hall: he seemed to give her a particular time to say her prayers in, and when that period was expired, he renewed his thump and interrogation of 'Come, have not you done yet?' The old lady observing that his question was always the same, asked me what he said; on informing her, she replied, that unless the gentleman would cease his persecution, she must remain on her knees the whole night. Won, I believe, by her patient behaviour, our wild friend permitted her to say her prayers in peace. In fact, I never met a man who had so ungovernable a flow of animal spirits as Hall.

"We breakfasted at seven o'clock, but were not able to procure eggs and milk for our servants, which was the first disappointment of the kind we had met with. The charge, too, was exorbitant; and although the item was not put in the bill, I rather think that we had to pay for the pleasure which Hall took in slapping the old dame."

One *pleasant* story leads to others. *Exempla:*

"I had ordered a fowl, and given the woman of the house our mushrooms for sauce. When I expected the roasted fowl, behold! the woman brought the plucked fowl in her hands, to know how we would have it cooked? 'Good God! woman, the fowl 's alive!' 'Why, yes, sir! I cannot find in my heart to kill them myself, and my husband's from home; so, to lose no time, I thought I would have it plucked ready!'

"Having sworn a few French oaths at the woman for her barbarity, I had the fowl killed; for I suppose the woman would have roasted it alive, rather than have wrung its neck."

A woodpecker was shot, "'What a brilliant plumage!' exclaimed Captain Frende; 'I will have this bird stuffed!' It was stuffed, and sooner than Captain Frende expected; the cat *stuffed* it into her belly. * *

"I made the best of my way to the post-house, one hundred and fifty miles, where I hired a calash of Monsieur Robillard. The calash was ready, but Robillard had to send into the fields to catch a horse. An ill-favoured, rough-coated little animal was soon brought and harnessed. I was scarcely seated, before the wild Canadian colt ran off with me full gallop into the fields, the road not being fenced off. 'How is this?' said I to my youthful conductor, who could neither stop the horse nor guide him. 'O! nothing, sir! nothing, but that the fool likes to gallop in the fields better than on the road, as he was never in a calash before.' 'Nor was I ever in a calash before, and, from this specimen, I suspect 'tis your intention that I should never get into one again.' 'If the fool only knew how much better running he would have on the road, and that he must go to St. Sulpice at last!' 'I don't care where he goes to at last; but I should have been better pleased had he gone to St. Suipice at first.'

"By good management, or good luck, or perhaps by a portion of each, the calash was prevented from being overturned."

And here we make an end. Let us, however, add, that whatever may be thought of the literary merits of this publication, whether they may be generally estimated as highly as we estimate them or not, there can be but one opinion of the volume, as containing eight very beautiful and picturesque views of striking scenery, selected and drawn with great taste by the author, and very prettily engraved.

The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, written by Himself. 4th Edition. 8vo. pp. 360. Saunders and Otley. London, 1826.

MANY first causes may be pointed out why autobiography is one of the most popular branches of authorship. One cause may be, that the great body of readers read for amusement; and we fear the lamp has oftener been trimmed, or (to abjure "three-piled taffeta phrases") the candle has been more frequently snuffed over the pages of entertainment than over those of knowledge. Every account of any one individual must have some touches that come home to all; and our sympathy is best called forth by what links it to ourselves. If memoirs of all kinds are popular, how much more so must they be which are written by the actors of the events they themselves relate: the writer of his own adventures has the same advantage over one who but narrates those of another, that Fiction has over her graver sister History;—feelings can be described as well as events; and from the philosopher downwards, all find an interest in tracing the mental progress which leads to action. We like to know what people thought, as well as what they said or did. Another, not perhaps very amiable, source of the pleasure these kind of memoirs give, is the enjoyment we take in examining, and placing in an advantageous light for ourselves, the weakness of our neighbours; and, singular as it may seem to say, this is an enjoyment of which our autobiographists have in no ways been sparing. From Madame de Genlis, who talks with the most perfect *bonne foi* of her *naïveté* and piquancy; from Pepys, who dwells on the glory of his new coat; from Rousseau, who gravely confesses having stolen two yards of ribbon; back to Lord Herbert, who acknowledges how handsome he was,—one pervading feature in these works is, their seeming utter unconsciousness of the ridiculous. But the volume before us has a claim on our attention beyond that of mere amusement; it is a curious and vivid picture of a most interesting period. The romance of the maiden queen's reign had given an impulse to the spirit of chivalry, which expired with its excitement; knighthood had fallen from its high degree; the vast influx of knowledge had given a *new* bias to the minds of men, and the discovery of the *New* World had opened a *new* career for the young and daring,—but savouring somewhat more of the adventurer, however brave, than of the knight. It was at this age, so rich for observation, so full of speculation, that Lord Herbert lived. His view of his times is neither that of a philosopher, nor an historian: they are to him the mirror in which himself is reflected; but they are replete with the materials for both. After the lively sketch of his life given by Mills, in his History of Chivalry, our abridgment would be *de trop*, as most of our readers must be well acquainted with this duellist *morale*, and coxcomb *philosophe*: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with such of the anecdotes as may seem most acceptable to our pages.

Qualifications for Matrimony.

"Mennon, desiring to marry a niece of Mons. Disancour, who, it was thought, should be his heir, was thus answered by him: 'Friend, it is not time yet to marry: I will tell you what you must do; if you will be a brave man, you must first kill in single combat two or three men; then afterwards marry and engender two or three children, or the world will neither have got nor lost by you;' of which strange counsel, Disancour was no otherwise the author than as he had been an example, at least of the former part; it being his fortune to have fought three or four brave duels in his time. * * * *

"Henry IV. also was desirous of this house, and offered to exchange any of his houses, with much more lands than his estate thereabouts was worth; to which the Duke of Montmorency made this wary answer: 'Sieur, la maison est à vous, mais que je sois *le concierge*;' which in English sounds thus: Sir, the house is yours, but give me leave to keep it for you. *

"All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself next to the queen, expecting when the dancers would come in, one knocked at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person. When he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, 'C'est Monsieur Balagny,' or, it is Monsieur Balagny: whereupon also I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, which is more, when one lady had his company awhile, another would say, 'You have enjoyed him long enough, I must have him now;' at which bold civility of theirs,

though I were astonished, yet it added unto my wonder, that his person could not be thought at most but ordinary handsome; his hair, which was cut very short, half grey; his doublet but of sackcloth cut to his shirt: and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself by some standers-by who he was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight, and that for this reason the ladies made so much of him, it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any else with the safety of their honour. This cavalier, though his head was half grey, he had not yet attained the age of thirty years."

Of his Personal Attractions.

"Shortly after I was made Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order. I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to see the solemnity then used. * *

"There was a lady also, wife to Sir John Ayres, knight, who, finding some means to get a copy of my picture from Larkin, gave it to Mr. Isaac, the painter in Blackfriars, and desired him to draw it in little after his manner; which being done, she caused it to be set in gold and enamelled, and so wore it about her neck, so low that she hid it under her breasts, which, I conceive, coming afterwards to the knowledge of Sir John Ayres, gave him more cause of jealousy than needed, had he known how innocent I was from pretending to any thing which might wrong him or his lady: since I could not so much as imagine that either she had my picture, or that she bare more than ordinary affection to me. It is true that as she had a place in court, and attended Queen Anne, and was beside of an excellent wit and discourse, she had made herself a considerable person; howbeit, little more than common civility ever passed betwixt us, though I confess I think no man was welcomer to her when I came, for which I shall allege this passage:—

"Coming one day into her chamber, I saw her through the curtains lying upon her bed, with a wax candle in one hand, and the picture I formerly mentioned in the other. I coming thereupon somewhat boldly to her, she blew out the candle, and hid the picture from me: myself thereupon being curious to know what that was she held in her hand, got the candle to be lighted again, by means whereof I found it was my picture she looked upon with more earnestness and passion than I could have easily believed, especially since myself was not engaged in any affection towards her. I could willingly have omitted this passage, but that it was the beginning of a bloody history which followed; howsoever, yet I must before the Eternal God clear her honour. And now in court a great person sent for me divers times to attend her, which summons, though I obeyed, yet God knoweth I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could without incurring her displeasure; and this I did not only for very honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because that affection passed betwixt me and another lady (who I believe was the fairest of her time) as nothing could divert it. * *

"We were entertained by the governor, being a Spaniard, with one of the most sumptuous feasts that ever I saw, being but of nine dishes, in three several services; the first whereof was three ollas podridas, consisting of all choice boiled meats, placed in three large silver chargers, which took up the length of a great table; the meat in it being heightened up artificially pyramid-wise, to a sparrow which was on the top: the second service was like the former, of roast meat, in which all manner of fowl, from the pheasant and partridge to other fowl less than them, were heightened up to a lark: the third was in sweatmeats, dry of all sorts, heightened in like manner to a round comfit. * *

"I have thought fit to remember the answer a Spanish ambassador made to Philip II., king of Spain, who, finding fault with him for neglecting a business of great importance in Italy, because he could not agree with the French ambassador about some such pundonore as this, said to him, '*Como a dexado una cosa di importancia por una ceremonia!* How, have you left a business of importance for a ceremony!' The ambassador boldly replied to his master, '*Como por una ceremonia! Vuessa majesta misma no es sino una ceremonia.* How, for a ceremony! Your majesty's self is but a ceremony.' * * * *

"It fell out one day that the Prince of Condé coming to my house, some speech happened concerning the king my master, in whom, though he acknowledged much learning, knowledge, clemency, and divers other virtues, yet, he said he had heard that the king was much given to cursing. I answered that it was out of his gentleness; but the prince demanding how cursing could be a gentleness, I replied, yes; for though he could punish men himself, yet he left them to God to punish; which defence of the king my master was afterwards much celebrated in the French court.

* * * * *

"About this time, the French being jealous that the king my master would match the prince his son with the king of Spain's sister, and together relinquish his alliance with France, myself, who did endeavour nothing more than to hold all good intelligence betwixt the two crowns, had enough to do. The Count de Gondomor, passing now from Spain into England, came to see me at Paris, about ten of the clock in the morning; when, after some compliments, he told me that he was to go towards England the next morning, and that he desired my coach to accompany him out of town. I told him, after a free and merry manner, he should not have my coach, and that if he demanded it, it was not because he needed coaches—the pope's nuntio, the emperor's ambassador, the duke of Bavaria's agent, and others, having coaches enough to furnish him—but because he would put a jealousy betwixt me and the French, as if I inclined more to the Spanish side than to theirs. Gondomor then looking merrily upon me, said, I will dine with you, yet; I told him, by his good favour, he should not dine with me at that time, and that when I would entertain the ambassador of so great a king as his, it should not be upon my ordinary, but that I would make him a feast worthy of so great a person; howbeit, that he might see after what manner I lived, I desired some of my gentlemen to bring his gentlemen into the kitchen, where, after my usual manner, were three spits full of meat, divers pots of boiled meat, and an oven with store of pies in it, and a dresser board covered with all manner of good fowl, and some tarts, pans with tarts in them, after the French manner; after which, being conducted to another room, they were shewn a dozen or sixteen dishes of sweemeats, all which was but the ordinary allowance for my table. The Spaniards returning now to Gondomor, told him what good cheer they found; notwithstanding which, I told Gondomor again that I desired to be excused, as if I thought this dinner unworthy of him, and that when occasion were, I should entertain him after a much better manner. Gondomor hereupon coming near me, said he esteemed me much, and that he meant only to put a trick upon me, which he found I had discovered, and that he thought that an Englishman had not known how to avoid handsomely a trick put upon him under shew of civility; and that I ever should find him my friend, and would do me all the good offices he could in England, which also he really performed, as the duke of Lennox and the earl of Pembroke confirmed to me; Gondomor saying to them, that I was a man fit for employment, and that he thought Englishmen, though otherwise able persons, knew not how to make a denial handsomely, which yet I had done."

This amusing volume is got up in a manner very creditable to its publisher; there is a neat engraving of its hero, and some interesting specimens of his poetry and letters, subjoined.

The Omen. 12mo. pp. 160. Edinburgh, 1826, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

A POSTSCRIPT to this little book puzzles us with the doubt of its intention — whether the writer means the reader to take it gravely or as a jest. When, at the end of an apparently highly-wrought tragedy, full of supernatural influences, and of a startling earnestness, if not of even an exaggeration, of tone, we are told about "Mr. North, the confidential literary adviser of Blackwood's Magazine," having done so and so with the manuscript, &c., and see the whole signed Bam of Bromage Castle, we begin to suspect that this is one of those *trotting* concerns, as they call their hoaxes, in which our brethren of the North are occasionally inclined to indulge.

The story itself is not so peculiar as the manner in which it is told. It is a disagreeable one, verging upon feelings which had better never be infringed. An adulteress prevents her son, at the altar, from marrying his own sister; he having previously mistaken the manifestations of a parent's affection towards him for an impure sentiment. We are ready to concede that these points are touched with much delicacy; but still the ideas are raised, and no skill can free them from the unnatural taint.

Why this tale is named the *Omen* we cannot tell; for it is a series of mystical apprehensions, visions, and vague imaginings, all tending to shew that

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Metaphysical sentiment is not favourite reading with us; but as the style of our Scottish Rosseau is striking, we shall do our duty to him, by exhibiting such examples as can best be extracted from a composition of the kind. The volume is, fantastically enough, divided not into chapters alone, but into epochs; and in Epoch II. we find a boy of twelve years of age thinking and reasoning thus, on the anticipation that his school-fellow (Sydenham) would be able to throw some light upon his early history.

"Next morning Sydenham and I met as usual in the park. I had been abroad before him, for the little incident of the preceding evening had affected me with a painful curiosity. I had no rest; or if at time sleep for a moment did alight on my eyelids, it was suddenly scared away by fearful dreams, — the brood of fancy and of memory, — diseased, hideous, and sorrowful.

"Nor was the aspect of the morning when I rose of a kind to allay my unhappy mood. Even for the season it was dismal, and a preternatural gloom made the dawn more awful

than the night. There was a silence all around, such as my spirit had never before felt. A severe frost had hushed the murmuring of the river; the wind was still, and the woods, incrusted with icicles, were also dumb. The cold had made every stirring thing cower within its nest or lair, and the air, and the fields, and the boughs, were mute and forsaken. Nothing living was seen, no sound heard; and when I looked out at the castle-gate, and saw the shrubs on the lawn standing in the dim haze of the twilight, all in winding-sheets of hoar-frost, they seemed like monuments in a churchyard, and reminded me of the dead, and of sepulchres, and spectres!

"Thus it happened that Sydenham found me full of superstitious sadness. With his wonted kindness, and with that pleasing gaiety, the delightful quality of his unrivalled and invincible temper, he endeavoured to cheer me; but the topic he chose was calculated to produce a far different effect. He spoke triumphantly of the impression he had produced on Mr. Oakdale, and assured me that we could not fail soon to discover the secrets of his story. I was persuaded that those secrets were fraught with evil and wo to me.

"Our conversation lasted till the breakfast-bell summoned us in, and nothing farther occurred at that time. After breakfast, according to the appointment, he went to his father, who had not made his appearance that morning. He remained with the duke it might be about an hour. I know not how it was that this incident should have in any degree interested me, but it did so, and I longed impatiently, and with some degree of fear, for his return.

"At last he came, and the moment I saw him, I perceived he was no longer the same free, open-hearted companion to me that he had been. His countenance shewed he had been told of something which had moved his wonder and sorrow. He, however, came towards me, and I advanced to meet him, but suddenly he turned round, and ran away. All the remainder of the day he kept aloof from me; and I remarked in the evening, when, as usual, we were called in to the dessert, that he twice or thrice looked at Mr. Oakdale with a strange earnestness, and a shudder, as it were, of aversion.

"When we retired to our own room, he forgot himself for a moment, and in playfulness laid his hands upon my shoulders, as we were going along the gallery, as if with the intention to leap upon my back; but in the very act he halted, and, thoughtfully, yet with much kindness, said that he was going to his own bedchamber to read, and immediately retired; I, too, went to mine, but neither to read nor to find repose."

In Epoch III. the author justifies his theory of pre-warnings by the following:—

"What is genius, but a sort of something which distinguishes one mind from another, as the differences of figure and feature, mien and complexion, individualise the persons of different men?—We all hear, and see, and taste, and feel, and smell alike, though some have a keener relish of the enjoyments of one sense than those of another.

"Some are delighted by the ear with melodious sounds—others by the eye with well-ordered forms, and the musical distribution of colours: of such are those artists who address themselves to the imagination. The epicure has his paradise in the palate; the voluptuary in his exquisite touch; and I have sometimes thought that the faculty of the poet was liveliest in his smell; for no other revels so luxuriously in the reveries and ruminations of the aromatic summer, nor finds in the perfume of leaves and flowers such delicious reminiscences of wisdom and beauty. Despite, then, of all controversy and metaphysics, it may be said, as the senses are the gates of the mind, that genius sits as warder at that which is best constructed to give entrance, or, perhaps, that which the circumstances of fortune have made the most frequented—quickness of sense, or a habit of observation.

"But whether that melancholy foreknowledge, with which I was so often depressed, came of endowment or of custom, it would be thriftless to investigate: for, as an old musician once told me, such things are too shrewd and subtle ever to be tasted by philosophy.

"He was a German by birth, and came to Oxford to teach the flute. I was one of his pupils; but soon discovering that he was curiously versed in a peculiar experience, I took lessons from him in a study more congenial to my disposition than even music. He had been bred up from his childhood in the band of a regiment, and yet, such was the dominion which his genius had over him, such his fascination to harmonious sounds, that he remained as simple in his morals and imaginations as the shepherd-boy when he tries his first oaten-pipe, alone on the hills, in the calm of a sunny May morning.

"'Is not the sense I have of the speech which is in melody,' I have often heard him say, 'a gift from Heaven? Think you it was given to delight but idle ears? That would be to say Providence makes fiddle-strings.—No: there is much prophecy in all the sounds of nature, speaking to our instinct; but the use of instinct we have lost, and therefore do not understand them. Yes; by the virtue of the oracle in mine ear, I have discovered many things that are among the laws and regularities of nature. Those persons, for example, who particularly delight in the delicacies of chromatic melodies, modulated on a flat key, whether they be composers, performers, or listeners, are seldom long-lived. For the most part they die before their forty-second year, though a few, by reason of more strength, do sometimes reach to forty-nine. Such truths cannot be put into the crucibles of philosophy.'—And then he would reckon on his fingers innumerable instances of musicians of that delicate order who died in their youth: adding, 'And have I not the witness I most believe in mine own self? I can tell by the key to which the rising corn rustles in the winds of spring, whether the harvest will be plenteous or niggardly; for the world is but a band of instruments that were all once tuned to the same pitch, the celestial key to which the innocent angels tune their harps. Whenever, therefore, there is any lack of concord with that which was the universal key, expectation will be disappointed, and the harmony of nature vext with some deficiency. In this lieth the mystery of fortune. Those who, by their vigour and intelligence, should be prosperous in health and in worldly circumstances, and yet are always otherwise, are ever sensible of some discord in the diapason of themselves, which mars the effect of their best endeavours in performance.'

"One night as I was returning home, I met this curious hypothetist in the street, and bantered him on his being abroad at so late an hour.

"'Speak not so,' said he, very seriously, 'for I am going to die; I have had my warning. As I stood on the bridge, listening to the tongues which the winds give to the leaves of the trees in the neighbouring gardens, making them all to sing like the little cherubim, I heard a requiem for one that is doomed on the morrow to die.'

"I attempted to speak lightly of his superstition, though his accent curdled my veins; but he added:

"'And when their hymn was sung, I heard the soft low voice of a willow tree, singing an old ditty,—one with which my mother, long, long ago, often lulled me to sleep. By the music of the requiem, and the pity which was in that melody, I know when I next shall fall asleep, I am never to awaken again.'

"With these words he left me, and in the morning he was found dead of apoplexy. Who, therefore, shall venture to say, that what the German enthusiast called his gift, his instinct, or his genius, was not some incommunicable faculty which made his spirit as different from that of any other man's, as he was in his person distinguishable from every individual of the universal race? He had faith, however, in the warning of his fate. I have had but a feeling of the import that was ever in the bodements of mine; and by working against it with the traditionary fallacies of reason, I have become—let my story tell what."

We could not have given more favourable tests by which to judge of the writer's powers, in mind and in expression, than the foregoing: sometimes the sound of language seems to carry him away from a very correct sense of its import. For instance—"I was the sole offspring of their sudden fondness; but scarcely had I been brought into the world, when her fickle affections withdrew from the husband of her youthful devotion, and clung with the same warmth and recklessness to another object. I do not recollect whether general Oglethorpe said that Mr. Oakdale was the first minion of her infidelity; but from this topic I may retire: over the shame of a parent, filial reverence has ever been permitted to draw a veil."

This is filial reverence, "with a murrain to 't;"—to talk of a mother's *first* minion, as if she had had a score of favourites, and then claim the merit of drawing a veil over her frailties, is rather too much. But though the omens which succeed each other never lead to any direct consequence, we shall conclude by selecting two of them as fully illustrating the work.

"As the horses were brought to the door, the sun rose over the woods and uplands—a few thin streaks of vapour floating high and beautiful in the great cupola of the world, seemed like praise embodied in incense ascending from the altars of early devotion—and the sadness of my spirit began to yield to the delicious influences of a scene so holy and so calm.

"Before mounting, I happened to look towards the wall which separated the lawn from the highway—a row of trees and shrubs screened its unsightly appearance, but here and there an opening disclosed a vista of the distant country, and in one of those openings I observed something seemingly carried on the shoulders of four persons, whose heads only were visible. It passed, and was concealed by the trees; but it had seized my attention, and I followed it with my eye. When it came to the next opening I saw it plainer, and could trace the outlines of a human form covered with a sheet, which in several places was stained with blood.

"This sight darkened the splendour of the morning, and withered the beauty of the spring. I instantly lept into my saddle, and,

clapping spurs to my horse, was soon at a distance from the inauspicious omen.

"When I reached the first stage, where I intended to breakfast, I sent my servant forward to the village, but, on alighting, I found the house almost deserted; a little girl and the hostler, an old grey-headed man, were the only persons who made their appearance. Having given my horse to the latter, I desired the girl to get breakfast ready; but she replied it would be necessary to wait till her mistress or some of the other servants came back.

"'Where are they?' said I, 'and when do you expect them?'

"'They are all gone to the village—every body is gone to the village. Are not you too, sir, going to the village?'

"'Yes, I am on my way, but I am going to a far distant country.'

"I know not how it was that I should have so expressed myself to one so young and simple: but my thoughts were adrift; I was scarcely aware of what I said.

"The child looked at me curiously, and I was struck with a remarkable momentary cast in her eyes, when she replied as I paused:

"'You may go to the village, but you will find no one there who will help you forward to-day.'

"'Why?—what has happened in the village?—why are all the people gone thither this morning?'

"'Have you not heard?' said she, in a low apprehensive whisper, looking timidly around, and drawing closer towards me.

"I yielded to the sympathy which her manifest dread and awe awakened—as she added, coming nearer and nearer—'They carried it past in the gray of the morning—we heard a noise, and looked out at the windows. The daylight had not begun to shew itself, but it is the last quarter of the moon,—they say it betokens no good when such things chance in the wane of the moon,—and we saw it by her waning light.'

"'What did you see?'

"'There were four,' replied the little maiden, with the same emphatic and mystical look which had so particularly attracted my attention—'I saw them black in the moonshine. They were speaking, but I could not discern their voices—I heard only the murmuring of their tongues. As we were looking and listening, the wind came rustling from the trees and lifted aside the shroud.'

"She shuddered, and graspingly took me by the hand for a moment, unable to describe what the wind had revealed—and then she flew into the house, and bolting the door, would not be entreated to open it."

This is a very inflated description of a child's actions, and a very improbable report of a child's mode of speech: but again, our last omen—

"By the time we had reached the open sea, which a breadth and freedom in the motion of the ship soon announced, the moon was several degrees above the horizon: the clouds were become fleecy, and their seams, through which the stars glimmered, unfolded wide and beautiful vistas of the constellations, shining in the holiness of their sublime tranquillity. The ocean also was brightened; and the waves, as they moved gently before the breeze, shewed their white manes to the moon.

"As the ship, with all her canvass spread, held her course before the wind, I retired from the railing against which I had been leaning, and stretched myself on the coops, with my hands beneath my head, looking to the star of the zenith, and giving to the fleecy clouds, as they changed their forms, the lineaments of shrouded spirits in solemn transit from the earth to another world. In this state of superstitious rumination, I beheld a small dense black cloud, on the verge of a hazy mass of vapour, which obscured, but did not entirely conceal the moon. I watched its progress, till I fancied I could discern the dim form of two vast hands bearing that sarcophagus-thing between them.

"My blood grew cold, and my flesh began to crawl on my bones, as I continued to trace the development of that phenomenon; for at last I distinctly discovered the whole figure to which those mighty hands belonged, and beheld, as it were, the Ancient of days, garmented in shadows; his beard flowing over his breast, with the hoary affluence of priestly antiquity.

"Suddenly the casket he held appeared to open; in the same moment a deep, low whisper of dread and wonder rose from all on board the ship.

"I started up, shuddering with horror at the hideous portent; and the ship-dog, a black and sullen cur, came running coweringly and terrified towards me. His eye glanced at the omen, as if he said to me, 'Look!' and, gazing in my face, he began to howl, with fearful pauses between, in which the seamen thought they heard voices afar off, answering from the clouds and the waves; and they boded no less than of shipwreck to themselves, and a watery winding-sheet to me."

Our readers may now safely form their own opinions upon the merits or demerits of the *Omen*; to which we should certainly not have afforded so much space, but that it is assigned by rumour to a popular author.

Testamenta Vetusta; being illustrations, from Wills, of the Manners, Customs, &c. from the Reign of Henry II. to the Accession of Queen Elizabeth. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. F.A.S. 8vo. 2 vols. Nichols and Son. London, 1820.

HERE is a rich and curious harvest for the antiquary, gathered in with infinite toil and care by the very laborious and able compiler. It is, indeed, a work of uncommon research and of very great merit. Its value will be acknowledged not only now, but for ever, in the literature of England; because it not only throws a strong light on the manners and habits of our ancestors, but contains the most remarkable traits of their feelings, enables us to clear up numerous historical doubts, alters our opinions of public characters, is a singular authority upon many etymological questions, and, in fine, so mingles its copious and peculiar information with almost every branch of national literature, that it must long remain a text-book of reference upon a multitude of most interesting subjects.

"Of all species of evidence (says the preface truly), whether of the kindred or of the possessions of individuals, perhaps the most satisfactory is afforded by their wills: and in many cases also these interesting documents exhibit traits of character which are more valuable, because more certain, than can possibly be deduced from the actions of their lives."

Again—

"Of individual character exhibited by wills an interesting instance is presented in that of Henry VII.; for in that instrument he shews more clearly than is to be found elsewhere the real sentiments he entertained relative to the manner in which he obtained the crown, and of which he ordered a posthumous memorial to be erected. In the dark character of Edward, duke of York, grandson of king Edward III., a character hitherto considered to be without one redeeming trait, we find, from his testament, proof that at least he was not destitute of that best of human virtues, gratitude. Indeed scarcely a will of any length is extant which does not afford some knowledge of the heart of the person by whom it was made."

Agreeing entirely with these sentiments, we shall for the present only introduce this publication to our readers; and reserve, for the future, the condensation and placing in a collected arrangement of some of its most memorable contents. In the meantime, a will of Joane Lady Bergavenny may be adduced as a fair sample of those documents in the age in which she lived and died.

"*Joane Lady Bergavenny.*—In the name of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the 10th day of January, 1434, I, Joane Beauchamp, Lady of Bergavenny,* as a meek daughter of Holy Church, full in the Christian faith and belief, whole in mind and body (blessed be God), considering that the frail condition of this wretched and unstable life is full of perils, and the end and conclusion thereof is nought else but death, from the which no person of none estate shall escape; and therefore purposing, with the leave of God, to dispose such goods as of his grace he hath lent me, in such use as might be most to his pleasauns and profit of my soul, and all theirs that I am bounden to; I have ordained and make my testament and last will in this form: First, I bequeath my soul to the mercy of my blessed Saviour and Maker Jesus Christ, through the beseeching of his blessed Mother Mary, and all holy company in heaven; and my simple and wretched body to be buried in the choir of the Friar Preachers of Hereford, in a new tomb by my worthy lord and sometime husband sir William Beauchamp, on whose soul God have mercy. But I will that my body be kept unburied in the place where it happeneth me to die, unto the time my maygne [household] be clothed in black; my hearse, my chare, and other convenable purveyance made, and then to be carried unto the place of my burying before rehersed, with all the worship that ought to be done unto a woman of mine estate, which God knoweth well, proceedeth not of no pomp or vain glory, that I am set in for my body, but for a memorial and remembrance of my soul to my kin, friends, servants, and all other; and I will that every parish church that my said body resteth in, a night after it passeth from the place of my dying, be offered two cloths of gold, and if it rest in any college or conventual church, three cloths of gold; also I devise, that in every cathedral church or conventual where my body rests a night, toward the place where my body shall be buried, that the dean, abbot, or prior have VIs. VIIId., and every canon, monk, vicar, priest, or clerk, that is at the dirige at the mass in the morning shall have XIId.; also I ordain that anon after my burying, there be done for my soul five thousand masses, in all the haste that they may goodly; and I bequeath unto the house of the said friars at Hereford, in general, CCC marks, for to find two priests, perpetually to sing for my lord my husband, my lord my father, my lady my mother, and me, and sir Hugh Burnel, knt., and all my good doers, and all Christian souls; the one priest to sing the

* "She was daughter of Richard, and sister and coheir of Thomas, earl of Arundel, and married William Beauchamp, baron of Bergavenny."

first mass in the morning in the same house, and the other the last mass that is done in the day, in the same house, so that it be seen that there be sure ordinance made therefore to be kept perpetually as law will; and I bequeath each friar of the same house, in special the day of my burying, to pray for my soul, IIIs. IVd.; and I will that the aforesaid friars have a whole suit of black, that is to say, a chesepyl, two tunicles, three copes, with my best pair of candlesticks of silver wrethen, and my best suit of vestments of cloth of gold with peacocks, with altar-cloths, and albs, and all that longeth thereto, for a memorial perpetual, to use them every year at the anniversary of my lord my husband and of me; and for the costs of my interment, upon my death and burying, I ordain and devise M marks; and I devise C marks to be 'dalt pene-mele,' or more, after the discretion of my executors, among poor men and women that come to my interment the day of my burying; and I ordain and devise to have five priests to sing for me twenty winters, for my lord my father, my lady my mother, my husband, my son Richard, earl of Worcester, sir Hugh Burnell, knt. and all my good doers, and all Christian souls, and that of the most honest persons, and good conversations that may be found: of which five priests I ordain and devise two to sing in the parish of Rochford, and other three in Kirkeby Belers, in the county of Leicester, during the term aforesaid; moreover I devise CC marks to be departed among my poor tenants in England, to such place as most need is, after the discretion of mine executors; also I devise Cl. to be disposed in clothing, bedding, horse, oxen, and other bestial and necessaries, within half a year after my death, and to be given and dealt among bed-rid men and other poor people dwelling in the lordships that I have; and also I devise that Bartholomew Brokesby and Walter Kebyll be every year at Hereford, the day of my anniversary, seeing that my obit, with the remnant of the obsequies be done in due wise to the profit of my soul, spending about the execution thereof at every time xl. after their discretion; moreover I devise to the marriage of poor maidens dwelling within my lordships Cl.; and to the making and amending of 'fabul brugges'* and foul ways Cl.; and to the finding and deliverance of poor prisoners that have been well conditioned XLl.; also I bequeath to sir James, son and heir to the earl of Ormond, Dl. to be despent by my executors about the defence of my lands, that I give and assign him by the will of my lands, in case they be challenged, or impugned wrongfully, within his age; or else to have the same money, or else so much thereof as is unspent at his full age, to the same intent, and a pair of basins gilt and covered, with my arms; and I devise and bequeath to the same sir James a bed of gold of swans, with tapetter of green tapestry with branches and flowers of divers colours, and two pair sheets of Raynes, a pair of fustians, six pair of other sheets, six pair of blankets, six mattrasses, six pillows, and with cushions and banncoves that longen to the bed aforesaid, with all my stuff at Bergavenny, 'a pane† of monyvere,' with all my armour in England and Wales; which goods I will that it shall abide in the keeping of Robert Darcy, Bartholomew Brokesby, and Walter Kebell, till the said sir James be twenty years of age. And in case that the said sir James die within the said age, without issue of his body lawfully begotten, then I will and devise all the foresaid goods to be delivered to John of Ormond, his brother, to the same wise that the said sir James should have it; and if John die ere he come of the same age, I will that Thomas Ormond, his brother, have it to the same wise that John should have it; or if Thomas die ere he come at that age, then I will that all these goods be sold, and done for my soul and heirs, and all my good doers. And I bequeath to the same John of Ormond a bed of cloth of gold, with lebardes, with those cushions and tapettes of my best red worsted, that belong to the same bed, and bancours and formers that belong to the same bed; also four pair of sheets, four pair of blankets, three pillows, and three mattrasses. And I bequeath unto Thomas of Ormond, his brother, a bed of velvet white and black paled, with cushions, capettes, and formez, that belong to the same bed, three pair of sheets, three pair of blankets, three pillows, and three mattrasses. And I bequeath unto Elizabeth, his sister, a bed of blue baudekyn,* with cushions, tapettes of blue worsted, and formes that belong to the same bed, four pair of sheets, four pair of blankets, four pillows, and four mattrasses. And I bequeath to my son, sir James of Ormond, three of the best horses in my chare, and John, his brother, my next best, and Thomas, his brother, my next best after him, and John Gray the sixth. And I bequeath to John of Ormond, and Thomas his brother, in defence of their livelihood that I have bequeathed them, either of them 500 marks. Also I bequeath to Bartholomew Brokesby my hullyng of black, red, and green, with morys letters, with cushions, with bancours, and costers. And I bequeath unto the same Bartholomew my bed of silk, black and red, embroidered with woodbined flowers of silver, and all the costers and apparel that belongeth thereto. And I will that the said Bartholomew have twelve pair of sheets of the best cloth that I have, save Reynes six pair of blankets, and a pane of menyver, and a bowl of silver called Playce-bowl, and my best cup of gold covered, and my round basin of silver pounced with morys letters, with the ewer that belongeth to the same basin. And I bequeath to the same Bartholomew a dozen vessels of silver garnished, and two basins and two ewers of silvers, and my best gown furred with marters. And I devise to Robert Darcy CCCC marks, and my image of Our Lady that the earl of March gave me, and a cup of gold covered. Also I devise to Walter Kebell C marks, and three of my best low horses; and I will that the said Walter have my best black bed of silk, with all the apparel of a chamber of the best black tapetter that I have, and six pair of sheets, and six pair of blankets, three mattrasses, and my round basin of silver, with bowls and a ewer that belongeth thereto, and my little saler [salt-cellar] and six spoons of silver, that byn in my manor at the Snytterfeld, and my best stained hall, with a potell pot and three pieces of silver, and a great maser, covered, that was sir Adam Persiales, and my second gown of marters. And I bequeath the remnant of my gowns, furred with marters, to my son, sir James of Ormond, and to his two brethren, after the discretion of mine executors. And I bequeath to Isabel Muton C marks for her marriage. And I bequeath to Floris Lee C marks and two horses to his marriage; and I bequeath to Richard Burley C marks, so both they be ruled by me and mine executors, and dwell with me whilst I live. And I bequeath to Raynald Muton C marks. And I bequeath to Thomas Besford C marks. And I bequeath to John Daunsey XXl. And I bequeath to Henry Lecester XXl. And I bequeath to Henry Fillongley C marks. And I bequeath to Alyson Darcy C marks. And I bequeath to Henry Brokesby C marks, under the condition that he be governed by me and by the worthiest of his kin. And I bequeath to John Massy C marks. And I bequeath to Philip Cuberley XXl., and to William Loudham C marks. And I bequeath to Elizabeth, daughter of the earl of Ormond, C marks; and to Thomas Blankany 20l.; and to John Yerdley X marks; and to John Bultus xl.; and to little Lewes X marks; and to John Hull C shillings; and to Thomas Burton xl.; and to Thomas Welby C shillings; and to John Foreman XL shillings; and to John Gardener of Bergavenny IV marks. And also I will that all the remnant of my servants be rewarded after the discretion of mine executors. Also I devise to my priests and clerks of my chapel, if they go with my body, and do my obsequies daily, till I be buried, on my costes, and to be ruled by my executors, C marks. And I will that my wards, with their marriages, and all the livelihood that I have by them, be under the governance of Robert Darcy, Bartholomew Brokusby, and Walter Kebell; they to fulfil it, and to dispose it to the most advantage of my soul, and to perform it, and put in execution my will, and my devise aforesaid. I ordain and make mine executors Mr. John Bathe, canon of Wells, taking for his labour XXl., and if he take ministration, Robert Darcy, Bartholomew Brokusby, and Walter Kebell, sir William Creke, taking for his labour, if he take ministration, XXl. and John Bultus. And I will that Walter Kebell nor John Bultus administer, nor do nothing that toucheth my testament in any wise, without the advice or commandment of the remnant of my said executors. And the residue of my goods I will and ordain them to be disposed by mine executors to bear yearly charges of my obits, and in alms deeds doing in the mean time, while they will last; requiring and praying all those persons, executors aforenamed, and, so far as I dare or may, charging them, that as my singular trust is in them before other, they refuse not, but to take upon them the administration of this testament, with the conditions before rehearsed, and put it in execution, as they would I should do for them in like case, and as they will answer before the most high and mightiful Judge at the dreadful day of doom, where both they and I shall appear. In witness, that this is my last will, I have set hereto my seal, written the day and year aforesaid."

Upon this long and specific testament we need hardly repeat Dugdale's remark, that "by it the greatness and state wherein the nobility of England in those days lived, may in some sort be known." It is very curious, not only for the furniture it describes and bequeaths, but for the genuine woman's spirit which it suffers to peep out—the ruling passion strong in death. The "simple and wretched body," and the reason why so much pomp was to be observed, "not of vain glory," but "for a memorial of my soul," reminds us forcibly of

> "One would not look quite shocking when one's dead;
> So, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

"*Five* thousand masses," too, "in all haste," shewed a laudable anxiety about the other world: but we must refrain from comment till we have placed a number of such

* "Feeble or decayed bridges."

† "Archdeacon Nares explains a pane to mean an opening or division in parts of a dress."

* "The richest kind of stuff, the web being gold and the woof silk, with embroidery."—*Nares's Glossary.*

facts in view together; and then our readers will be better able to judge of the *Testamenta Vetusta*.

Entomology: by Kirby and Spence. Vols. 3 and 4. (Fourth notice.)

EVEN were there not at present a dearth of new publications, especially considering the usual bustle of this part of the season, we should be inclined to devote more of our pages to the review of these volumes; which, whether viewed as repositories of science or sources of amusement, are pre-eminently entitled to our cares and to the public attention. Before taking up, in this paper, (probably our last upon the subject,) the continuation of remarks on the diseases, senses, &c. &c. of insects,* we shall go to the philosophical and interesting chapter on their geographical distribution, and thence extract some general statements of a very striking character.

"We have no data enabling us to ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, the actual *number* of species of insects and *arachnida* distributed over the surface of the globe; but it is, doubtless, regulated, in a great degree, by that of plants. We should first, then, endeavour to gain some just, though general notion on that head. Now Decandolle conjectures that the number of the species of plants, 60,000 being already known, may be somewhere between 110,000 and 120,000. If we consider, with reference to this calculation, that though the great body of the mosses, lichens, and seaweeds are exempt from the attack of insects, yet, as a vast number of phanerogamous plants and fungi are inhabited by *several* species, we may form some idea how immense must be the number of the existing insects; and how beggarly does Ray's conjecture of 20,000 species, which in his time was reckoned a magnificent idea, appear in comparison! Perhaps we may obtain some approximation by comparing the number of the species of insects already discovered in *Britain* with that of its *phanerogamous* plants. The latter,—and it is not to be expected that any large number of species have escaped the researches of our numerous botanists,—may be stated in round numbers at 1500, while the British insects (and *thousands* it is probable remain still undiscovered) amount to 10,000; which is more than *six* insects to *one* plant. Now though this proportion, it is probable, does not hold universally, yet, if it be considered how much more prolific in species tropical regions are than our chilly climate, it may, perhaps, be regarded as not very wide of a fair medium. If then we reckon the phanerogamous vegetables of the globe, in round numbers, at 100,000 species, the number of insects would amount to 600,000. If we say 400,000, we shall, perhaps, not be very wide of the truth. When we reflect how much greater attention has been paid to the collection of plants than to that of insects, and that 100,000 species of the latter may be supposed already to have a place in our cabinets, we may very reasonably infer that at least *three fourths* of the existing species remain undiscovered.

"Certain groups and genera are found to contain many more species than others; for instance, the *coleoptera* and *lepidoptera* orders than the *orthoptera* and *neuroptera*; the *rhincophora* Latr. than the *xylophagi* Latr.; the *dytiscidæ* than the *gyrinidæ*; *aphodius* than *geotrupes*; *carabus* than *calosoma*. Again, some insects are much more prolific than others. Thus the *diptera* order, though not half so numerous, with respect to *species*, as the *coleoptera*, exceeds it greatly in the number of *individuals*, filling the air in every place, and almost at every season, with its dancing myriads. We rarely meet with a single individual of the most common species of *calosoma* or *buprestis*; whilst the formicary, the termitary, the vespiary, and the bee-hive, send forth their thousands and tens of thousands; and whole countries are covered and devastated by the *aphides* and the locusts. An all-wise PROVIDENCE has proportioned the numbers of each group and species to the work assigned to them.

"With regard to their *functions*, insects may be primarily divided into those that feed upon *animal* matter, and those that feed upon *vegetable*. At first you would be inclined to suppose that the *latter* must greatly exceed the *former* in number; but when you reflect that not only a very large proportion of vertebrate animals, and even some *mollusca*, have more than *one* species that preys upon them, but that probably the majority of insects, particularly the almost innumerable species of *lepidoptera*, are infested by parasites of their own class, sometimes having a different one appropriated to them in each of their preparatory states, and, moreover, that a large number of beetles and other insects devour both living and dead animals,—you will begin to suspect that these two tribes may be more near a counterpoise than at first seemed probable. In fact, out of a list of more than 3000 British insects and *arachnida*, taken three years ago, and furnished chiefly by Mr. Stephens, I found that 3894 might be called carnivorous, and 3724 phytiphagous;* so that, speaking roundly, they might be denominated equiponderant."

From this remarkable summary we return to the preceding portion of the fourth volume for a few curious and illustrative extracts. On the *senses* of insects, it is said

"Insects, there is good reason to believe, possess all the ordinary senses. That they can *see*, *touch*, *taste*, and *smell*, no one denies. Linné and Bonnet, however, thought them deprived of *hearing*; but numerous observations prove the contrary. That they hear in their *larva* state, is evident from facts stated by the latter physiologist. He found that the sound of his voice evidently affected some caterpillars; which he attributes, but surely without reason, to the delicacy of their sense of touch: at another time, when some caterpillars, of a different species, were moving swiftly, he rang a small bell; upon which they instantly stopped and moved the anterior part of their body very briskly. That they possess this faculty in their *imago* state is confirmed still more strongly by facts. I once was observing the motions of an *apion* under a pocket microscope: on seeing me it receded. Upon my making a slight but distinct noise, its antennæ started: I repeated the noise several times, and invariably with the same effect. A *harpalus*, which I was holding in my hand, answered the sound in the same manner repeatedly. Flies, I have observed, at brisk and distinct sounds move all their legs; and spiders will quit their prey, and retire to their hiding places. Insects that live in society give notice of intended movements, or assemble their citizens for emigration by a certain *hum*. But the most satisfactory proof of the hearing of these animals is to be had from those *orthoptera* and *hemiptera*, whose males are vocal. Brunelli kept and fed several males of *acrida viridissima* (a grasshopper with us not uncommon) in a closet, which were very merry, and continued singing all the day; but a rap at the door would stop them instantly. By practice he learned to imitate their chirping: when he did this at the door, at first a few would answer him in a low note, and then the whole party would take up the tune and sing with all their might. He once shut up a male in his garden, and gave the female her liberty; but as soon as she heard the male chirp, she flew to him immediately.

"But although physiologists are, for the most part, agreed that insects have the ordinary five senses of vertebrate animals, yet a great variety of opinions has obtained as to their external organs; so that it has been matter of doubt, for instance, whether the *antennæ* are for smell, touch, or hearing; and the *palpi* for smell, taste, or touch. Nor has the question, as it appears, been satisfactorily decided: for though it is now the most general opinion, that the primary use of antennæ is to *explore* as *tactors*, yet, by the most strenuous advocates of this opinion, they are owned not to be *universally* so employed; so that granting this to be *one* of their principal functions, yet it seems to follow that there may be *another* common to them all, which, of course, would be their *primary* function."

The author (we know not which of them speaks in the singular number) holds, in fact, that "the antennæ of insects are analogous to *ears* in vertebrates. Their *number* corresponds; they also stand out from the head; and what has weighed most with me, unless they are allowed as such, no other organ can have any pretension to be considered as representing the ear. If we reflect, that in every other part and organ, the head of insects has an analogy to that of *mammalia*, we must regard it as improbable that these prominent organs should not also have their representative. Admitting, then, that they are the analogues of ears, it will follow, not as demonstratively certain, but as probable, that their *primary* function may be something related to hearing. I do not say direct *hearing*, or that the vibrations of sound are communicated to the sensorium by a complex structure analogous to that of the internal ear in *mammalia*, but something *related* to hearing. I conceive that antennæ, by a peculiar structure, may collect notices from the atmosphere, receive pulses or vibrations, and communicate them to the sensorium, which, though not precisely to be called hearing, may answer the same purpose. From the *compound* eyes that most of them have, the sense of seeing in insects must be very different from what it is in vertebrate animals; and yet we do not hesitate to call it *sight:* but since antennæ, as we shall see, apparently convey a *mixed* sensation, I shall have no objection, admitting it as their primary function, to call it after Lehmann *aëroscepsy*."

This theory, we shall only observe, is very plausible, and several instances of sound producing an effect on the antennæ of insects, contribute to confirm its accuracy. But the author continues—

"Besides receiving notices from the atmosphere, of sounds, and of the approach or proximity of other insects, &c., the antennæ are probably the organs by which insects can discover alterations in its state, and foretell, by

* The class *insecta* may be divided into "*coleoptera, strepsiptera, dermaptera, orthoptera, hemiptera, trichoptera, lepidoptera, neuroptera, hymenoptera, diptera, aphaniptera, aptera.*"

* "We employ this term because the more common one, *herbivorous*, does not properly include devourers of timber, fungi, &c."

certain prognostics, when a change of weather is approaching. Bees possess this faculty to an admirable degree. When engaged in their daily labours, if a shower is approaching, though we can discern no signs of it, they foresee it, and return suddenly to their hives. If they wander far from home, and do not return till late in the evening, it is a prognostic to be depended upon, that the following day will be fine: but if they remain near their habitations, and are seen frequently going and returning, although no other indication of wet should be discoverable, clouds will soon arise and rain come on. Ants also are observed to be excellently gifted in this respect: though they daily bring out their larvæ to sun them, they are never overtaken by sudden showers. Previously to rain, as you well know, numberless insects seek the house; then the *conops calcitrans*, leaving more ignoble prey, attacks us in our apartments, and interrupts our studies and meditations. The insects of prey also foresee the approach of this weather, and the access of flies, &c. to places of shelter. Then the spiders issue from their lurking-places, and the *harpalidæ* in the evening run about our houses. Passive antennæ, which are usually furnished with a terminal or lateral bristle, and plumose and pectinated ones, seem calculated for the action of the *electric* and other fluids dispersed in the atmosphere, which, in certain states and proportions, may certainly indicate the approach of a tempest, or of showers, or a rainy season, and may so affect these organs as to enable the insect to make a sure prognostic of any approaching change: and we know of no other organ that is so likely to have this power. I say *electric* fluid, because when the atmosphere is in a highly electrified state, and a tempest is approaching, is the time when insects are usually most abundant in the air, especially towards the evening; and many species may then be taken, which are not at other times to be met with: but before the storm comes on, all disappear, and you will scarcely see a single individual upon the wing. This seems to indicate that insects are particularly excited by electricity.—But upon this head I wish to make no positive assertion, I only suggest the probability of the opinion.

"From all that has been said, I think you will be disposed to admit that the primary and most universal function of the antennæ is to be the organs of a sense, if not the same, at least analogous to *hearing*, and answering the same end; something, perhaps, between it and touch. In some, however, as has been found in the *crustacea*, an organ of hearing, in the ordinary sense, may exist at the base of the antennæ, which may act the part, in some measure, of the external ear, and collect and transmit the sound to such organ.

"That numerous antennæ, as a *secondary* function, explore by *touch*, is admitted on all hands, and, therefore, I need not enlarge further upon this point; but shall proceed to inquire whether insects do not possess some other peculiar organs that are particularly appropriated to this sense. First, however, I must make some *general* observations upon it. Of all our senses, *touch* is the only one that is not *confined* to particular organs, but dispersed over the whole body: insects, however, from the indurated crust with which they are often covered, feel sensibly, it is probable, only in those parts where the nerves are exposed, by being covered with a thinner epidermis, to external action. Not that they cannot feel at all in their covered parts; for as we feel sufficiently for walking, though our feet are covered by the thick sole of a boot or shoe, so insects feel sufficiently through the crust of their legs for all purposes of motion. Besides, the points that are covered by a thinner cuticle are often numerous; so that touch, at least in a *passive* sense, may be pretty generally dispersed over their bodies; but *active* or exploring touch is confined to a few organs, as the *antennæ*, the *palpi*, and the *arms*."

These, the author very ably discusses: and the following winding-up, on the organs of smell, appears to us to be very ingenious:—"Christian thought that insects smell *distant* objects with their *antennæ*, and *near* ones with their *palpi*. Comparetti has a most singular opinion. He supposes, in different tribes of insects, that different parts are organs of smell: in the *lamellicorns* he conjectures the seat of this sense to reside in the *knob* of the *antennæ;* in the *lepidoptera*, in the *antlia;* and in some *diptera* and *orthoptera*, in certain *frontal cells*. At first sight, one of the most reasonable opinions seems to be that of Baster, adopted by Læhmann, and which has received the sanction of Cuvier,—that the *spiracles* are organs of smell as well as of respiration. Læhmann has adduced several arguments in support of this opinion. Because we both respire and smell with our nostrils, he concludes that neither the antennæ nor any other part of the head of insects can serve for *smell*, since they are not the seat also of *respiration;* and that there can be no smell where the air is not inspired. Again, because nerves from the ganglions of the spinal chord terminate in bronchiæ near the spiracles, they must be for receiving scents from those openings. Though it was necessary, in the higher animals, that the organ of scent should be near the mouth, because they are larger than their food; yet the reverse of this being the case with insects, which often even reside in what they eat, it is to them of no importance where their sense of smelling resides. By exposing antennæ, by means of an orifice in a glass vessel, to the action of stimulant odours, they appeared quite insensible to it: but he does not name the result of any experiment in which he exposed the *mouth* to this action; nor at all distinctly how the insect was affected when the spiracles were exposed to it.

"But though some of these arguments appear weighty, there are others, I think, that will more than counterbalance them, making it probable that the seat of this sense is in the head, either in its ordinary station at the extremity of what I call the *nose*, between it and the upper-lip, or under those parts. That the nose corresponds with the so-named part in *mammalia*, both from its situation and often from its form, must be evident to every one who looks at an insect; and when we further consider the connexion that obtains between the senses of smell and taste, how necessary it is that the seat of the one should be near that of the other, and that it really is so in all animals in which we certainly know its organ; we shall feel convinced that the argument from analogy is wholly in favour of the nose, and may thence consider it as probable that the sense in question does reside there. Læhmann seems to be of opinion, because an insect is usually smaller than what it feeds upon, that it makes no difference whether it smells with its *head* or with its *tail:* but one would think that a *flying* insect would be more readily directed to its object by smelling with the *anterior* part of the body than with the *posterior;* and that a *feeding* one would also find it more convenient in selecting its food. As to the argument,—that *smell* must be the *necessary* concomitant of the *respiratory* openings, and that there can be no smell where the *air* is not inspired; this seems asserting more than our knowledge of these animals will warrant: for the organs of the *other* senses, though the senses themselves seem analogous, are so different in their structure, and often in the mode in which they receive the impressions from external objects, that analogy would lead us to expect a difference of this kind also in the sense of smell. Besides, smell does not *invariably* accompany respiratory organs, even in the higher animals,—for we *breathe* with our *mouths*, but do not smell with them. Cuvier says that the *internal* membrane of the trachæ being soft and moist, appears calculated to receive scents. But here his memory failed him; for it is the *external* membrane alone that answers this description; the *internal* consisting of a spiral elastic thread, and seeming not at all fitted to receive impressions, but merely to convey the air. That nerves penetrate to the bronchiæ, does not necessarily imply that they are connected with the sense in question, since this may be to act upon the muscles which are every where distributed.

"I shall now state some facts that seem to prove that scents are received by some organ in the vicinity of the *mouth*, and probably connected with the *nose*. M. P. Huber, desirous of ascertaining the seat of smell in *bees*, tried the following experiments with that view:—These animals, of all ill scents, abominate most that of the oil of turpentine. He presented successively to all the points of a bee's body, a hair-pencil saturated with it: but whether he presented it to the abdomen, the trunk, or the head, the animal equally disregarded it. Next, using a very fine hair-pencil, while the bee had extended its proboscis, he presented the pencil to it, to the eyes and antennæ, without producing any effect; but when he pointed it *near the cavity of the mouth, above the insertion of the proboscis*, the creature started back in an instant, quitted its food, clapped its wings, and walked about in great agitation, and would have taken flight if the pencil had not been removed. On this, it began to eat again; but on the experiment being repeated, shewed similar signs of discomposure: oil of marjorum produced the same effect, but more promptly and certainly. Bees not engaged in *feeding* appeared more sensible of the impression of this odour, and at a greater distance; but those engaged in absorbing honey might be touched in every other part without being disturbed. He seized several of them, forced them to unfold their proboscis, and then stopped their mouth with paste. When this was become sufficiently dry to prevent their getting rid of it, he restored to them their liberty: they appeared not incommoded by being thus gagged, but moved and respired as readily as their companions. He then tempted them with honey, and presented to them, near the mouth, oil of turpentine and other odours that they usually have an aversion to; but all produced no sensible effect upon them, and they even walked upon the pencils saturated with them.

"These experiments incontestably prove that the organ of scent in bees—and there is no reason to think that other insects do not follow the same law—is in or near the *mouth*, and above the proboscis."

We must yet reserve a short summing-up paper of two or three columns for next Saturday.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

My Thought Book. By J. P. Thomas. 8vo pp. 404. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. London, 1825.

AMID the many volumes of aphorisms which have endeavoured to do *multum in parvo*, we know but two whose celebrity is considerable—Rochefoucault and Lacon. The witty malice, yet the truth of his reading in the human heart, made the popularity of the one; the neat antithesis and the sometimes startling paradox, taken from curious reading, made that of the other. The writer of the *Thought Book* is not happy in his axioms. What can we say for the novelty or force of such common-place observations as, "We often assume to be probable that which we think desirable"—"The company of the parson at the dinner-table is as often considered a restraint as a compliment"—"Mankind has always attended too little to principles, and too much to form"? The childish game of "What's my thought like?" would surely produce more original remarks than these. When J. P. Thomas abandons the belief that "brevity's the soul of wit," he does much better: every now and then he appears in the character of a clever essayist; and some of his pictorial critiques are written with both ease and taste. The following extract is an anecdote neatly turned in the way of illustration:—

"A friend of mine was once lost in a Canadian wood, from the extent and thickness of which he was under the greatest alarm. Night came on, and he was obliged to tie his horse to a tree, and repose himself on a bed of green leaves. Cheered by no human voice, and unable, although he climbed to the tops of several trees, to discover a human habitation, he was fearful that his hunger would compel him to kill his favourite horse to satisfy the cravings of appetite. He suddenly recollected, however, that he had observed that the moss grew on a particular side of the trees, (the northern side, I think,) and from paying a close attention to the forest-trees around him, he soon discovered the northern point. Having discovered the north, of course he immediately ascertained the other points of the compass, and very speedily extricated himself from his inconvenient and perilous situation. Thus it is in the moral world: men are often led to discover some happy principle—some all-illumining maxim, which relieves them from all doubts—which removes all fears—which extricates them from all difficulties."

The Rebel; a Tale. 2 vols. Longman and Co. London, 1826.

ABOUT the circulating medium. We do not mean that it treats of the great question of the currency, but only that it is well enough for novel reading.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, 10th Feb.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Moore, St. John's College, Perpetual Curate of Spalding, Lincolnshire.
Doctor in Physic.—J. Wilson, Esq. Christ College.
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Smith, St. John's College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. Williams, N. Sneyd, Trinity College; R. W. Simpson, St. John's College; H. Allington, St. Peter's College; J. Bragg, Corpus Christi College; H. C. Duckle, Queen's College; J. P. Sill, Christ College.

OXFORD, 15th Feb.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. W. Cerjat, Trinity College, Rev. C. H. Grove, University College, Grand Compounders; Rev. G. Childe, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. St. Vincent Bowen, Brasennose College.
Bachelors of Arts.—M. G. Butcher, Brasennose College; E. Roy, Pembroke College; R. J. W. Wright, Trinity College; Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, Christ Church.

FINE ARTS.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Diorama.—We had a private view, on the preceding Saturday, of this beautiful exhibition, which re-opened on Monday, with two fresh views, when, perhaps, the machinery was not so complete as entirely to fulfil the painters' design. At all events, the City of Rouen and the suburbs appeared to us to be inferior to any of the subjects which have heretofore been exhibited. There is little or no dioramic deception in it: you see, the instant you look, that it is merely a picture. Neither is the sun upon the hills and houses well managed. On the other hand, Roslin Chapel is by far the best diorama-representation that we have yet seen. The delusion is complete; the pavement, roof, and even a rope hanging across a beam, are perfectly true; and, to conclude, the effect of the light seen through the door and the window is most beautiful. Yet we should like to have the trees on the outside of the window a little more like trees.

Novel Exhibition.—Mr. Chas. Bullock (brother of Mr. William Bullock, to whose ingenuity and talents the public have owed so many pleasant and instructive hours,) has nearly completed an exhibition which, from what we have seen of it, bids fair to rival the most popular of our times. It consists of a representation of the Battle of Poitiers, by figures beautifully modelled and thrown into various groups, as they would be in real action. The figures are about seven or eight inches in height, and not much under a thousand in number; but the most striking part of the design is that they are all formed with the strictest attention to costume. The horses, the armour, the implements of war, the accoutrements, and even the minutest accessories, are copied after antiquities which required much research to find, much information to study, and much diligence to copy so faithfully. Within two or three months it is expected that the whole will be ready, and we certainly anticipate a very interesting sight.

Events of the Life of Massaroni, an Italian Bandit. Published by Colnaghi and Co.

"THE police of Rome has seized all engravings and histories of highway robbers:" so say the newspapers; and thus remind us that we owe a notice to the above very clever and artist-like work by Pinelli of Rome. This series of engravings of the most striking events in the life of a famous robber appeared in Italy two or three years ago, and deservedly attracted much observation and applause. We have rarely seen such masterly drawing, such freedom and force, such grouping, as most of the scenes display. In the last-mentioned respect the prints would not discredit Michael Angelo himself. The story is admirably told: the captures, the hair-breadth 'scapes, the abductions, the murders, the conflicts, the pastimes, and the final destruction of this desperate gang, rendered so eligible for art by their picturesque costume and wild and singular aspects, are all conceived with spirit, and executed with a bold and fearless hand. There are hundreds of capital studies of attitudes and expression in these extremely clever productions, which should recommend them particularly to our artists, as the general beauty of the work must recommend it to public favour.

Tomb of Abelard and Eloise.—A model of this celebrated Gallic tomb, about one fourth of the size of the original, but, with the exception of a few small alabaster figures, executed entirely in glass, is among the exhibitions of the day. It is a curiosity of its kind, and must have cost the artist, a Mr. Gibon of Paris, several years of labour. It is eleven feet high, and the glass being coloured as the various parts required, the whole forms a very pretty object.

FINE ARTS IN EDINBURGH.

THE Royal Institution for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland opened its annual exhibition last week, with a collection of the works of modern artists; intended, we believe, to be followed, as in our British Institution, by a gallery of the old masters. The directors having succeeded in the acquisition of a suitable building and accommodations, to be devoted to the purposes of the association, and this being the first occasion of using them, an entertainment was given to celebrate it.

"The rooms," says the *Edinburgh Courant*, "were thrown open at three o'clock, for the previous inspection of the paintings; and we can truly say that a more brilliant and striking spectacle has seldom been presented, than what was afforded by the first *coup d'œil* of these magnificent apartments; while the more detailed examination of the profusion of interesting works with which the walls were covered continued to keep up the excitement of admiration which seemed universal and unqualified. As calculated for the advantageous display of works of art, these galleries appear to us unrivalled by any thing of the kind in Great Britain; as, from the form of the apartments, and the very judicious mode of lighting, every position on the whole circle of the walls is as favourable for giving every desirable advantage of effect to one picture as to another.

"With regard to the pictures themselves," continues the writer, "we feel assured that the public will unite with us in thinking that they do infinite credit to the artists who have produced them. We are, indeed, confident that there never has been an exhibition, out of London, at all to compare with the present one in the excellence of the works it contains, and in the very gratifying prospects it holds out of the great and rapid progress which may be expected to be made in the cultivation of the Fine Arts in this part of the kingdom."

We rejoice to observe that the dinner was attended by a number of the Scottish nobility, and other distinguished persons.

"The chair was filled by the Earl of Elgin, one of the Vice-Presidents, supported by the Lord Provost and the Earl of Leven and Melville; Sir William Arbuthnot and Sir Henry Jardine, croupiers; and among the company were the Earls of Minto and Fife, Lord Rollo, Lord Robert Kerr, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, Lords Gillies, Pitmilly, Meadowbank, Mackenzie, Medwyn, Baron Clerk Rattray, Admiral Sir P. C. Durnam, General Sir John Oswald, Sir William Forbes, Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir William Boothby, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, together with about 120 gentlemen, artists, amateurs, and patrons of the Fine Arts."

This is as it ought to be. The day appears, from the account of it, to have passed in a way which bodes the best for the cultivation and advancement of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

A monument to the memory of the late General Picton, designed by Mr. Nash, has recently been erected not far from Carmarthen. The plan is extremely simple, but produces a fine effect; and the erection bids fair to be long an ornament to the land which gave birth to this gallant soldier.

A monument to John Knox, the famous Scots reformer, has been erected in the Merchants' Park, Glasgow, and is spoken of as a great ornament to that city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

METRICAL FRAGMENTS.

No. II.—*King Henry the Second's Death Bed.*

Red meteors shot athwart the murk and troubled sky,
And pall-like on the air the gloomy clouds swept by;
And as an evil omen, with its own ill-tidings spent,
The dirge of the autumn wind pined in the battlement.
The flash of the lightning lit the night of the lone room,
Whose single taper could not light, but only shew the gloom.
It was a stately room, though little state was there,
For the tapestry hung in shreds, and the cold stone floor was bare:
Yet there lay England's king—lay low on his death bed:
He had three fair sons—is there not one to prop his dying head?
No!—one is sleeping in the grave, whence nothing may him bring,
And one has drawn the sword against his father and his king.
Raised the old king his drooping head, heavily did he say,
The glory of fair England's crown from me hath past away;
For my foes have girt me round, and my weary race is run,—
Mine ancient friends have turn'd from me to seek the rising sun:
I soon shall be, like my best hopes, trodden down into dust,—
Then gather round the faithful few whom yet my soul can trust;
O bring,—and fondly as he spoke the aged monarch smiled,—
That I may bless him ere I die,—my true—my favourite child.
How could they speak the truth? how vex his dying ear?
Again King Henry spoke, "Why comes not my child here?"
He read upon their face, what their lips could not disclose,
That his favourite child had join'd beneath the banner of his foes!
He started from his couch, his wither'd hands he raised,—
The lightning like the fire of hell over his pale face blazed,—
"Curses on my false children I pray that there may be!
And may they die the evil death that they have brought on me!"
The thunder shook the roof, as the troubled element
Gave from the heaven above fiercely its stern assent:
And soon the monarch's breath had pass'd, had pass'd like the night wind,
And though his lips were cold in death, his curse remain'd behind.*

Iole.

* The untimely end of all King Henry's children is remarkable; three died suddenly in the flower of their age, and the last, John, only survived to lead a life of shame, and see the fairest ornaments of his crown ravished from him.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

No. III.—*My Lord Mayor's Day.*

Tempus erit dapibus, sodales.—Hor.

Like Pindar, of old fame, I rush into my *thame*,
As Martin would exclaim, but as we say, lay; [lute;
So strike up, fife and flute, harp, dulcimer, and
What genius could be mute on my Lord Mayor's day?

The tailor leaves his stitches—the poet his old breeches,
(A novelty the which is,) to make a grand display; [and Saint Bride,
And all, from brisk Cheapside, Saint Andrew,
Step forth in civic pride on my Lord Mayor's day.

But, hark! the cannons roar over Thames' embattled shore,
And the trumpets sound "encore:" what a lordly bray! [shout
The cavalcade is out, you may tell it by the
Of the leathern-throated rout on my Lord Mayor's day.

See how, with god-like stare, this more than mortal Mayor, [on his way;
With his Sheriffs (a neat pair), pricks* forth
Like Cæsar in his car, only handsomer by far,
He moves along—*huzza!*† for my Lord Mayor's day.

A knight (without the garter) rides chivalrously *arter*, [sway;
Prepared by deeds of slaughter to assert his
And, judging from his nose, that with blood and brandy glows, [Mayor's day.
He will murder all the foes of my Lord

Hark! again the trumpet sounds; they have ended all their rounds, [array;
And the cavalcade is—zounds! here's a fresh
The judges, I declare, have come forth to take the air, [Mayor's day.
And tuck away their share on my Lord

Here's turtle for Sir Billy, and very frothy *silly*-Bub for most, but will they not reject it, pray? [between
No, surely! for I ween there's a sympathy
All silly ones when seen on my Lord Mayor's day.

Hodge-podge will do i'faith, man, for Favell; goose for Waithman;
And calve's head for *baith*, man (as Hogg would say);
But Canning, should he dine there, shall have English beef and wine there,
And with sterling wit refine there my Lord Mayor's day.

Folks talk of Marshall Hill as a mountain, but I still [child's play;
Must say, think what you will, that 'tis mere
For our cits, ods blood and oons! to their plates' inspiring tunes, [day.
Charge better in *platoons*, on my Lord Mayor's

How they rush, troop by troop, upon fish and turtle-soup,
An enterprising group for a gastric affray;
Till each victor (but no matter) quits his shield, *id est* his platter, [day.
A tun or two the fatter for my Lord Mayor's

While thus, in full divan, they fire away who can, [in May;
Pack'd closely man to man, like the gnats
Quoth my lady, with proud glance, "We've some music fresh from France,
For them as loves a dance on my Lord Mayor's day."

Now my lady's what you call sole empress of Guildhall, [or gay;
And holds the sway o'er all, whether grave
So they strike up in quadrille, waltz, minuet, and reel, [Mayor's day.
More light in head than heel on my Lord

Mister Abbot, the civilian, shews off in a cotillion, [horse *chay*;
But the man is worth a million, and a one.
So I've only to remark, that so luminous a spark [day.
Should figure in the dark on my Lord Mayor's

There's Hobson, too, the baker, and Smith the undertaker, [away;
And Atkinson the Quaker, all capering
But they're men not worth a penny, so I'll say as soon as any, [Mayor's day.
They're three fools out of many on my Lord

So much for honest truth—but hark, a cry forsooth!
My lady's lost a tooth in her balancée;
For a Monsieur De Capote, in chasséeing like a goat, [Mayor's day.
Has knock'd it down her throat on my Lord

Mrs. Dodd has broke her nose, and that booby Master Rose
Has trod upon the toes of Miss Martha Ray;
And the dashing Messieurs Hoare have dropp'd upon the floor [Mayor's day.
Their whiskers (what a bore!) on my Lord

Thus ends my tragic song; and if you think it long,
My public, you are wrong—that's all I say;
But if you dub it witty—if you don't your taste I pity.— [Mayor's day.
I will chirp another ditty on my Lord

* "A gentle knight was *pricking* o'er the plain."—*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*
† After the pronunciation of Cockney-land

BIOGRAPHY.

DAVID, THE FRENCH PAINTER.

Not having met with a more detailed memoir of this distinguished artist among the continental journals, we have translated from *Le Globe* the following biography, which contains some interesting remarks on the state of the arts.

David was born at Paris in 1750, and at the commencement of his career gave an infallible pledge of talent. At that period, Boucher and his school still reigned in France. Success was certain to those who followed the beaten track. David quitted it, and, protesting against the taste of his masters and of the public, dared to study Poussin. The sight of the pictures which were then the fashion produced on him the same effect that *lettres de cachet* and the abuses of government produced on Mirabeau—it inflamed him with the wish for a revolution. Accordingly, when Vien had given the signal of reform, and exhibited in his works a new style, David, eagerly following his steps, and it may be said appropriating his ideas, speedily found himself at the head of the reformers of art.

He had the qualities of the chief of a school: an ardent and enthusiastic temper—an energetic will. Unfortunately, to this soul of an artist was added the spirit of a logician. To constitute an accomplished painter, no doubt the force and power of a Michael Angelo are above all things necessary; but, in order to guide that force and that power, there ought to be a mind open to all ideas, fond of Nature as she really is, observant, but devoid of system; in short, such a mind as that of Leonardo da Vinci. David, on the contrary, was endowed with one of those intellects which are more vigorous than extensive, which are capable of a lively conception of things, but on the condition of embracing only a limited number of them,

and which, having once adopted any action, are absorbed by it, and pursue it to its last consequences, without taking the trouble to inquire whether or not it is consonant to truth. All that his mind was capable of conceiving, David had the gift of expressing on canvass with the superiority of genius. Hence the surprising beauties which strike us in his pictures. But his mind was not capable of conceiving enough. Hence his finest works are incomplete, cold, inanimate. Such a mind, united with such a temper, must of necessity produce a fanatic in politics, a mannerist in the arts. Hence in the hall of the convention, as well as in his painting-room, the feelings of David were continually the dupes of his reason.

What had struck him most forcibly in the painters whom he wished to dethrone was their incorrectness of drawing, and their systematic inattention to the human form. Pretending to be faithful to nature, they were guided only by fashion. All their mouths smiled, and all their noses turned up. The disposition of David's character naturally drove him into the other extreme. From the moment that he began to attend to form he thought of nothing else. With the soul within, with that internal power of which form is only the envelop and the manifestation, he did not trouble himself. "The body of man is the whole man," was his motto. Very soon Poussin did not satisfy him: he must have something more decided, more absolute. The ancient statues attracted his notice. In them he discovered that purity of line and contour, that beauty, altogether external, to which he aspired; and thenceforward, without disturbing himself to inquire if the real object of the art was not escaping him, he endeavoured to make his pencil the rival of the Greek chisel.

This is not to say that he abstained from the study of nature. Long and painful labour had disclosed to him all the secrets of anatomy; he constantly painted in the presence of living models; but these studies were not made by him for their intrinsic value. Nature never seemed to him to be an authority entitled to all his confidence; she was too various, too changeable. Even while affecting to imitate her, he subjected her to the control of those abstract types which he regarded as forming the law of beauty. A strict adherence to nature, he was apprehensive, might betray him into that arbitrary and capricious style of design with which his predecessors were justly reproachable. His mind could find no repose but in some predominating idea, in some system, or, as it is called in the present day, in the centre of feelings and doctrines. This explains the defective manner in which he saw nature: he studied her only as she contributed to, and never when she contradicted his system.

Having entered on this new path, all his powers were concentrated in a single point. David arrived at his object with giant strides; his first efforts were most masterly; all the innovations which he had been meditating he realised at once, and carried them to the highest perfection. The "Horatii," the "Brutus," the "Belisarius," are finished models of that simple and severe style, of that pure and dignified design, of which, until the period of their production, antiquity alone had exhibited any example. It is impossible to convey any notion of the enthusiasm with which these *chefs-d'œuvre* were received. At another period, perhaps, the admiration which they excited would have been mixed with censure; but at the time at which they made their appearance the public mind was not in a condition to love or hate by halves: exclusive in politics, it was exclusive in every thing else. Delighted with David for the kind of beauty which he had elicited, it declared that it was the true beauty—that it was the only beauty. Good taste seemed to have been recovered, and the golden age of painting to be about to be renewed: a sort of idolatry for ancient forms possessed every one;—it was one of the crises of the revolution. It may be imagined with what unanimous contempt the works of those unfortunate painters were treated which were before the objects of general admiration;—they were devoted to public indignation, with all the rest of the ancient regime; and yet, in those tasteless compositions, if there was no real merit, at least there was a good intention, which ought never to be despised—the intention of imitating life. No consideration, however, could rescue them from their fate. Even the Italian painters, who had been banished to the garret ever since the times of the Marchioness of Pomt padour, did not gain much by this reaction. Some admirers they certainly found among the persons who had just been reading Lessing's "Laocoon," or who instinctively felt that the laws of painting and the laws of sculpture were not exactly the same; but in general their beauties were in little estimation:—"they had not sufficiently studied the antique!"

Now that we are more tranquil, that we feel the imperfection of former systems, and begin to understand that a country may be a republic without the assumption of Roman names and habits, and that the beauty of the antique is not the only possible beauty, David's pictures have, in some degree, lost one of their merits—the merit of circumstances. Nevertheless, such is the power of the hand by which they were created, that it is impossible to contemplate them without that feeling of respect which is inspired by all works of genius. We cannot sympathise with beings whose features seem incapable of human emotion; we cannot but remark in the way in which they are disposed something too symmetrical, too analogous to the grouping of a bas-relief: but it is impossible (unless we are prejudiced by the opposite system) not to be struck with the harmony of all the parts, with the unity of conception which manifests itself in the smallest details, with the forms, ideal it is true, but having reference to a pure and perfect type. The pleasure with which a picture, by David, is contemplated, is of that rational kind which accompanies the perusal of a classic tragedy. In either case the work ought to be regarded in the point of view in which the author intended it to be regarded. If you stop before the "Horatii," or before the "Sabines," just after having been looking at a head by Guido, or a Madonna by Correggio, all that portion of your soul which has been powerfully excited by the animated and passionate expression of the Italian painter will find nothing to interest it: you will feel frozen: in vain will reason call on you to admire the beauties which it has produced: you will exclaim, "These pictures have no expression!" and you will pass by with disdain. But turn your eyes from nature, such as she is; dream, as David did, of beings colder, more severe, less impassioned than human; imagine that this "Horatii," this "Brutus," this "Leonidas," were discovered amidst the ashes of Herculaneum,—and then, having become less usurious in your demand, you will become more just; you will admire the beauties which the absence of other beauties prevented you from sooner observing.

It is only in this way that we can fairly judge of men who have employed their genius in the service of a system. It is thus that Alfieri must be read—it is thus that we must listen to the music of Gluck. Alfieri, Gluck, and David, three great artists, three powerful minds, must nevertheless be admired for qualities somewhat foreign to the arts which they cultivated. Gluck often said: "When I compose, I endeavour to forget that I am a musician." It was not music, but declamation which he wished to produce. Alfieri, although a dramatic writer, was jealous only of the title of a poet or a thinker. David, likewise, seems sometimes to have exclaimed with Gluck, "Let me forget that I am a painter."

After all, however, we shall ill appreciate David's talent, if we believe that he was invariably the slave of his system. He excelled in certain kinds of expression. No one has represented better than he the reflecting courage, the strength of mind, which shews itself in the warrior seated on the left of Leonidas. And in the picture of the Sabines, what can be more graceful and more animated than the group of children? What can be more sweet and more tender than the daughters of Brutus? He has proved also that he was capable of quitting ideal nature: witness his magnificent design of "The Oath of the Tennis-Court," and, above all, the clerical group in the picture of "The Coronation;" in which the pope, and all the ecclesiastics who surround him, are absolutely alive. It is nature taken in the fact. What has become of this picture? Why not exhibit it in the Louvre? The "Apotheosis of Napoleon," painted by Appiani, is in the imperial palace at Milan, even in the hall of the throne. Shall we be less the friends of the arts than the Austrians are?

After his banishment, David gave his talent a new direction, and turned his attention to colouring. On the two pictures which he sent to France, "Cupid and Psyche," and "Mars and Venus," he may be said to have lavished all the riches of the Venetian palette. But, according to the custom of exclusive minds, he acquired one quality only by the loss of another. These two pictures do not every where possess the severe taste, and the pure and elegant drawing of the author of the "Horatii" and "Leonidas."

Although absent from Paris, David, during his life, preserved a sort of empire over our school of painting. Our artists, indeed, every day made attempts to pass the line which he had traced for them; but his name was still venerated: in fact, he reigned still. Now that his throne is vacant, the possession of it is about to be disputed by two candidates, either of whom is worthy of sovereignty. The public and the art of painting will gain by the contest. Let each of them hasten to produce a *chef-d'œuvre*: it will be the finest tribute that they can pay to the memory of their master.

SKETCHES.

MEMENTOS OF A VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

16th Nov., 1824.

CROSSED the *Mound* in one of the most blustering storms of wind that I ever encountered. What was my amazement, on entering High Street, to observe the Tron Kirk burning like a candle! The upper part of the old steeple was a mere skeleton of flaming wood-work, and fiery beams and rafters were continually crashing down into the crowded street.

On the side of the church along High Street, I also beheld a terrible line of devastation. Several lofty houses were hollowed into skull-

like shells. But the Tron Kirk was the only edifice that I remarked burning.

Visited the renowned Palace of Holyrood House.

Having passed through the quadrangular area within the gates, I inspected the ruined chapel attached to the palace, in which are various remarkable tombs, and the vaulted cemetery of the Scottish kings. There are some fine massive pillars remaining; but the chapel (which was founded in the year 1128, by David I.) is roofless. The place is shewn in which poor Mary Stuart used to confess. (By the way, I should like to have heard her confessions.)

Saw the various apartments usually shewn, in which I perceived nothing very particular. The suite of rooms formerly occupied by the Count d'Artois, (now Charles X.) are tolerably comfortable. They are in the east front of the building, in which also is the state apartment which George IV. made his throne-room when in Edinburgh. The crimson chair and canopy still remain *in statu quo*, and the floor is covered in great part with a lustrous sort of carpet.

The Dukes of Hamilton are hereditary keepers of the palace. His present grace and family are now resident in Queen Mary's wing of the building, so that *her* apartments (which are by far the most interesting) are not usually exhibited to visitors. However, by the housekeeper's advice, I sent up my card to his grace, and obtained the privilege of viewing them. These rooms are memorable for the supper in the queen's closet on the night of Rizzio's murder, and also for the murder itself of that Italian. I examined particularly the secret stair by which Darnley ascended to his wife's chambers. It seems formed for secret purposes of crime or of suspicion.

I was much surprised at the *extreme* smallness of the closet in which the unfortunate Mary was supping, with the Countess of Argyle, at the time of her brutal husband's intrusion. It is like a *small* dressing-closet to her bedroom, which opens into it. The bed-room itself, which is entered by an outer sleeping-room, and (at a side) by the murderous-looking secret stair, is good and cheerful. I viewed with peculiar interest the *very bed*, antique and venerable, in which slept the lovely martyr. On a table in this room I observed some of her handy-work (*Jacob's Ladder*, done in her needle-work, I think). Some very faint stains, said to be of Rizzio's blood, on the floor of one of the outer passages, were also shewn. They are now scarcely discernible.

Fragment.

* * * * *

The surges round thy rock, *Inchkieth!*
Dashed by the violent gale,
Gleam like a snow-white vapoury wreath,
By mermaids woven frail.

* * * * *

The Women.

My long-entertained favourable ideas respecting the Scotch *women* have been confirmed and enhanced by a wider acquaintance with them. They possess *much* more personal beauty than I had been led to expect. In and about the capital, at least, true personal beauty is not unfrequent; and those pleasant looks which accompany our ideas of a *placens uxor*, are very profusely scattered. Well might Burns exclaim, in his address to Edinburgh—

"Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy."

They are much more lively and animated in manner and in conversation than their fair neighbours to the south of the Tweed. Indeed, their open frankness and animation are quite striking to a stranger. A Scots girl "thinks no guile;" and she laughs and talks away with you as with an old friend, five minutes after the commencement of your acquaintance.

"Their spirits are light, for their actions are free."

In the course of my abode in Scotland, I have occasionally taken lodgings in the country, within a mile or two of Edinburgh. I have, therefore, peregrinated the country round the capital, and paid close attention (according to my nature) to the manners, feelings, &c. of the peasantry *females* especially. They are chaste and innocent, but credulous to a wonder: you may make them believe any thing. Accordingly, they are prone to superstitious feelings; less so, however, I should apprehend, in Mid-Lothian than in other parts of Scotland. A metropolis always diffuses something of the "Soudor of civilisation."

Scotch girls are the merriest creatures imaginable. Any thing tickles them. They cannot hear *music* without dancing.

24th July.

Set off, about twelve o'clock at noon, on horseback, for Roslin, &c. The day was superb. I was much pleased with the rural winding lane leading from the high road to Roslin, and with the romantic appearance of that village. Having put up my horse at the inn, I proceeded on my rambles, visiting first, in course, the ancient *chapel* of Roslin, situated behind the inn. It was founded in 1446. I then inspected the fine old ruins of Roslin *Castle*, which are of great antiquity; about 300 years, I believe. They lie in a most picturesque and sheltered hollow, part of the magnificent and enchanting dell of North Esk. I viewed, with great interest, the old guard-rooms and dreary subterraneous dungeons of the castle. I then perambulated the attached gardens, which are chiefly celebrated for strawberries. Next, I entered the dell, and traced my course in rapture down to the gate, which opens into the classic walks and woods of Hawthornden,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade."

This gate was locked; but, fortunately, a keeper happened to be on the spot (within), and, hearing his voice, I knocked loudly for admission, which was granted. The man accompanied me for a mile or two further down the dell, pointing out several objects and views which might otherwise, perhaps, have escaped my notice. I saw Drummond's old house, (white,) and the monument to his memory, erected at the corner of his study and seat of contemplation. It is loftily situated on a cliff; and the view, down the dell, from the monument and seat above mentioned, is very fine. The house is still in the possession and occupation of the Drummond family.

I shall not here attempt to describe the scenery; but shall add to this paper a *sonnet*, composed from the heart on the spot, which will give, perhaps, some idea, though faint, of the fairy region.

Scene of a poet's musings!—Yet, ah! who
(Who with a heart for nature) *here* could stray—
Mark the o'erhanging rocks, of aspect gray,
The tangled canopy of woods, and through
The winding dell the river glancing blue,
Trilling for ever its melodious lay—
Nor feel a poet's rapture at the view—
Nor pluck one leaf from the luxuriant bay?
Oh! I could wander through the livelong day
Mid the lone depths of this enchanted glen,
Tracing with heedless step my devious way—
Calling the genii from each haunted cave—
Hymning the naiads in yon glassy wave—
Waking again thy bowers, romantic Hawthornden!

As my guide and I ascended from the dell, we caught various noble extended prospects; amongst others, a fine distant view of the Forth (to the north-east).

I reached the inn at Roslin about five o'clock, and immediately took dinner; after which repast, I enjoyed a luxurious dish of strawberries and cream, and soon after six o'clock again mounted my steed, and rode back to Edinburgh in one of the finest nights that I ever exulted in, the moon beaming like a glory over the hushed face of nature.

Lines composed along the Shore of the Frith of Forth.

Farewell to the blue-flowing beautiful tide,
Commingling its wave with the Forth!
Farewell to the hills of old Scotia's pride,
That peer o'er the clouds of the North!

Ah! oft, lonely wandering, I've lingered along
This wide-winding Lothian shore;
And my heart has unconsciously leapt into song,
As I mused on the ages of yore.

Fain, fain would I pierce yon dim regions renown'd,
Where the lakes in chill grandeur expand,
Where Ben Nevis, a cloud-cinctured monarch is crown'd,
And his mountains like sentinels stand!

O to pluck from those heights but one wild verdant wreath!—
The fresh-breathing fern I would bind
With the delicate harebell, the red-blossom'd heath,
And the thistle—an *emblem* entwin'd.

The eaglet I'd watch on the wing of the cloud—
The path of the roe I'd pursue;
And, lifted above the dull vapoury shroud,
My soul would rise loftier too!

But away!—To the land of my sires I depart,
Where the *rose* is an emblem of pride.
Oh, farewell! But your image I bear in my heart,
Sweet bay! with the blue crisping tide.

On the 27th July, I left Edinburgh, and repassed the Tweed by a different route, through Kelso. The road runs close by the memorable *Flodden* Field.

Sonnet.

Flodden! o'er whose bleak ridge a star of song
Hath shed its ray, relumin History's beam,
Let me recall the knightly minstrel's theme.
See, see the falcon crest speed dark along!
And on yon mound remote behold the fair—
(O sad spectatress!) — lovely, young De Clare,
And, ah! the death-struck Chief beside her laid!
While to his burning lips the trembling maid
(Forgetting all her wrongs and sufferings there)
Holds his casque, brimm'd from th' o'ergushing spring.
Ha! turn thine eyes where yon proud chieftains fight,
While Surrey flouts them in St. George's right,
In desperate mood, for a romantic king;
And o'er a royal corse glooms endless night!

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

A NEW divertisement was produced last Saturday, called *Le Bal Champêtre*. There was some curious dancing by Coulon, Theodore, &c. In these matters they never seem to know when to have done: if many of the dances were shortened at least one half, they would please a great deal more. The fate of the piece seemed doubtful once or twice, from the injudicious attempts at *encores* of some *claquers* who were posted about, to the annoyance of every person who wished to attend to the progress of the stage, or indeed to any thing else.

Signor Pelligrini is engaged, and, as we hear, will make his first appearance in Rossini's opera of *Cinderella*.

On Tuesday night there was no opera. Preparations for *Teobaldo et Isolina* were given out as the cause of the disappointment.

DRURY-LANE.

A FARCE, entitled and called *John Brown*, was produced here on Tuesday; and in consequence, probably, of a few jokes which o'erstepped decorum, and had strangely escaped the licenser's pruning-knife, was rather unpropitiously concluded. It was, however, re-performed on Friday.

Being the season of Lent, the managers of our great national theatres display infinite tact, and a fine sense of propriety, by suiting the entertainments to the solemn period. The Oratorios, such as they are, occupy the usual Wednesdays and Fridays; and on the intermediate evenings, we have those moral and appropriate pieces, *The French Libertine*, *Faustus*, *Don Juan*, *Il Diavolo Antonio*, and *John Brown*.

VAUXHALL will open on the 29th of May, with a new and extraordinary combination of musical attractions. Entertainments, consisting of recitative and song, are to be given; and Braham, Sinclair, Stephens, Signor de Begnis, &c. are already engaged. Bishop is to compose; and a leader of first-rate talent is to preside in the orchestra. The great room will be fitted up with boxes for these little dramas, which cannot fail, we think, to raise this place of resort highly in public estimation.

VARIETIES.

EPIGRAM.

Old Balbus, who has most professions tried,
"I'll walk the hospitals," impatient cried;
A friend, to hint at time's relentless cunning,
Rejoin'd, "I think you'd better take them *running*.
Feb. 20, 1826. T. B.

Alpine Vegetation. — It has been frequently asserted, that from the base of a mountain to its summit vegetation presents in succession the same modifications which it exhibits from the equatorial base towards the polar regions; in other words, that vegetation at certain heights changes its character precisely as it does at different degrees of latitude. M. Ramond lately read to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a paper containing the result of his observations on vegetation at the summit of the Pyrenees; by which it appeared, that although alpine and polar vegetation possess some striking analogies, those analogies do not constitute perfect identity.

Rare Bird. — A migratory or passenger pigeon of America (*Calumba migratoria* of *Wilson's American Ornithology*,) was shot in Fife a few weeks ago, and is the first example of the kind which had occurred in Europe. It was probably forced to our shores by stress of weather. This species occurs in vast flocks on the Continent of America, from Canada to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and is very destructive to corn fields. — *Scots Paper.*

Venice. — The population of Venice, which in 1797 amounted to 118,000 inhabitants, is not more at present than 100,000; a third of whom are destitute of sufficient means of existence. The ancient nobility, who derived a part of their income from the places which they occupied in the republic, are overwhelmed by the expenses of their palaces, and by the unequal taxation. Sailors, manufacturers, and industrious persons of all professions, are without employment. Venice was, in fact, an artificial creation. She will never be able to recover her former splendour, unless, under an enlightened and benevolent administration, she were to become a free port, open to all nations, and the entrepôt of the wealth which the commerce and industry of the neighbouring countries would, in that case, eagerly pour in.

The Medical Art. — Dr. Prus of Paris has just published a new doctrine of medicine, in which he maintains that the study of the healthy man can never lead to the knowledge of the diseased man; that the state of health and the state of disease offer distinct phenomena; that the symptoms, seat, signs, and proper treatment of morbid affections are not disclosed by physiology, and, therefore, that physiology can never be the foundation of medicine. He subsequently examines the real utility of physiology; points out the inevitable evils which it has caused since its forced introduction into pathology, and places physiological doctrine by the side of those physical, mechanical, and chemical doctrines, the fatal influence of which is nearly universal. The art of healing, according to Dr. Prus, is founded solely on the examination and appreciation of the phenomena which attend a sick person; and he traces them up to their primitive causes, that is, to the changes which the vital properties sustain. Those properties he states to be four, viz. sensibility, contractibility, expansibility, and vital affinity.

Incledon. — On Saturday week, Charles Incledon, long so popular as a singer of English ballads and of sea-songs, died at Worcester. He had been for a considerable time in an uncertain state of health, and in his latter years was loath to be convinced that his powers of song were o'er. In earlier times he had no equal in the style which he cultivated; a broad, unornamented, and masculine pouring out of a voice of uncommon strength and richness.

In the obituary of the past week, we notice the death, at York, of Lindley Murray, the popular author of the Grammar and other works for the instruction of youth; and of Knight, the comedian, at London. In a limited range of parts, the latter was unequalled; and his *Hodge*, *Jerry Blossom*, &c. will long be remembered by the lovers of the drama.

The Jew's-harp. — A German herdsman and labourer of the name of Eulenstein, is at present astonishing all Paris by his performances on the Jew's-harp. By dint of great application and practice, he has converted this harsh, meagre, and vulgar instrument into one of the most elegant, harmonious, and flexible character. Availing himself of sixteen different harps, which he manages with such dexterity that the time of the music which he plays is never suspended for a moment, by the change from one to another, he runs with ease over four octaves, and executes with great grace and expression the most difficult Italian, French, and German pieces.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The author of "Hans of Iceland," Mr. Victor Hugo, has just published another novel, at Paris, entitled Bug Jargal. The hero is an African, and the scene is laid in Saint Domingo, amidst a revolt of negroes.

Three volumes of Lingard's History of England have been translated into French.

Foscarini, or the Patrician of Venice, is mentioned in the French journals as a clever new novel. It is in four volumes.

Moscow.—In January 1823, a periodical publication, called The English Literary Journal of Moscow, written in French and English, was commenced at Moscow, by Mr. Evans, a teacher of the English language in that city. In the course of about five months, however, it was discontinued, for want of a sufficient sale. It contained several very interesting articles; and in the first Number especially, there was an excellent essay on the life and writings of Sir Walter Scott.

Persian Dictionary.—The English East India Company have caused to be conveyed to the King of Sweden a present which has been made to his Majesty by the Rajah of Oude. It is a Persian dictionary, in two volumes folio, printed at Lucknow. The title of this work is, "Ferhengi réfa'at musemnil hest colzoum." It contains, besides 22,712 words, of which it gives the explanation, a Persian grammar, a dissertation on the pronunciation and metre of the language, &c. This dictionary, which was completed in 1821, is now in the libraries of several of the monarchs of Europe.

The *fourteenth* edition (newly and considerably enlarged) of Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master (a little book which, as the numerous editions printed of it evinces, enjoys so much popularity with young readers) is on the eve of publication, to meet inquirers at the Easter holidays. Among the well-known leading features, is its tendency to inspire a disposition hostile to *cruelty to animals*, but free, at the same time, from the morbid sensibility and impracticable and unnatural rigour of system, which only can injure the cause. The single maxim which the author acts upon, appears to be that which is conveyed in the sentiment of the poet:

"I know that Nature's charms can move
The springs that work to Nature's love!"

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Picture of London for 1826, re-edited by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c., 18mo. with Maps and Views, 9*s.* bound; with Maps only, 6*s.* bound.—Butler's Vindication of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hardcastle's Letters on the Bank and Currency, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Characters Contrasted, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Grant's Practice of Chancery, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Carne's Letters from the East, 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—New Arabian Night's Entertainments, 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—The Omen, fcp. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Trollope's Leisure Moments, fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Southey's Vindiciæ Anglicanæ, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Cicilon's Italian Grammar, 12mo. 5*s.* bound.—Copsey's Studies in Religion, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Freeman's Sketches in Wales, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Stewart on the Government of India, 8vo. 4*s.* sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

February.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday 16	From 41.	to	56.	29.66	to	29.92
Friday 17	—— 45.	—	38.	29.30	—	29.47
Saturday .. 18	—— 29.	—	44.	29.65	—	29.78
Sunday.... 19	—— 34.	—	52.	29.47	—	29.59
Monday .. 20	—— 42.	—	50.	29.70	—	29.95
Tuesday .. 21	—— 35.	—	52.	30.20	—	30.15
Wednesday 22	—— 40.	—	55.	29.93	—	29.84

Prevailing wind S. and S. W. Generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain. On Tuesday the 21st, from about 8 till 10 in the morning, a part of an inverted halo was formed above the sun; its prismatic colours at times very brilliant.

Rain fallen, .85 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that we cannot find E. G. F.'s Anacreontics.

J. A. B., and Lines on a Blackbird, are declined.

*** We cannot insert advertisements among our literary notices.

L. F. is thanked—will not do for L. G.

Juan, we regret to say, is rather too young in his composition: the thought in the last verse only is worthy of praise.

Anna, perhaps, after further "practice."

Henry, and M. T. S. R., must be passed over. We cannot enter into geometry, nor give figures: we tried this some years ago, at great trouble, and with little profit either to the public or ourselves.

A correspondent asks the following questions, from South America, where the insects and the humidity of the atmosphere are excessively destructive.

1. What will prevent insects destroying books?
2. What will preserve leather and woollen cloth from mildew?
3. What is the best preservative against rust?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, including the celebrated Picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. purchased by the Directors, is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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Works of Art in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, Water-Colours, and Miniatures, intended for the ensuing Exhibition, must be sent to the Society's Rooms, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, on Monday, the 6th, or Tuesday, the 7th of March next.
Further Information may be obtained of the Secretary,
23, Newman Street.
T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

On the 1st of March, with Five Plates, by R. Cruikshank, Hawksworth, Aiken, Lane, Wageman, and Berthoud; and an engraved outline of the chef-d'œuvre of Corregio,

THE ST. JAMES'S ROYAL MAGAZINE, and Monthly Gazette of Fashion, Literature, Humour, Science, and Fine Arts. Edited and Conducted
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London: Published by Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; E. D. Pouchee, Brydges Street, Covent Garden; and Clerc Smith, Public Library, St. James's Street, to whom Communications for the Editor must be addressed, post-paid.

This day is published, price 6*s.*

THE METROPOLITAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, No. II.

Contents:—The Age of Folly, No. 2—The Mail Coach—Records of the Vicarage—Lucubrations of Pen-ye-less—Original Observations on the Miscellaneous Poems of Shakspeare—Letters from Switzerland—Extracts from the Ancient Treatise on Coat Armour—Adventures of a Serenader—Patriotic Songs of Spain, with a spirited Translation—A Supplementary Sheet to Bentham's Book of Fallacies—Pliny the Younger and Corellius Rufus, a Dramatic Scene—Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo—On the Abuses of Language—Mignet's History of the French Revolution, by a Writer conversant with the Period—An Autumn in Greece—Emerson, Fecchio, and Humphrey's Journals—Elements of Intellectual Economy—Eros and Anteros, continued—A Lecture on Wordsworth—The Legend of Saint Alexis—The Letters of M. de Voltaire—Poetry, &c.

London: Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; J. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; and J. Parker, Oxford.

On the 1st of March.—No. XXVII.—Price 5*s.*

BUCKINGHAM'S ORIENTAL HERALD contains, among other Original Papers,
An Article on the contemplated Extension of British Territory in Asia—An Exposition of the System on which Justice is pretended to be administered to the Natives of India; and a Plan for the Abolition of Human Sacrifices, or Widow Burning, in the British Dominions—with the most ample and recent Intelligence from every part of the Eastern World.
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And in furtherance of this grand object, the following are in preparation for the March Number. The Countess of Jersey, from a beautiful Miniature by G. Hayter; and for the succeeding Numbers,—Emily, Marchioness of Londonderry; the Marchioness Londonderry, the Hon. Mrs. Hope, from Paintings by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, Lady Tullamoore, &c. &c. &c.
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Published by G. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

Thelwall's Monthly Magazine.
On the 28th of February will be published, price 3*s.* 6*d.*
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The Third Number, to be published March 1st, price Half-a-Crown, of

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE (*New Series*), will contain, Lieut.-General Sir R. Church's Personal Narrative of the Revolution at Palermo, in the Year 1820, concluded from No. II.—The Crusader's Song—Letters from the United States—Familiarities, No. I.—Jew Books—Naples, Day Break—An Account of the Mines and the Province of Minas Geraes, in the Empire of Brazil, including a View of the Manner of Mining Metals and Precious Stones—The King's Troops in India—On Criminal Punishment—The Art of Getting into Debt—Greek War Song—A True Adventure—Leaves from a Commonplace Book, &c. &c. &c. Scientific Chemical and Philosophical Miscellanies—Monthly Review of Literature, Domestic and Foreign—Proceedings of Learned Societies, at Home and Abroad—Theatres—New Music—Fine Arts—Exhibitions—New Inventions, Discoveries, and Improvements—New and Expired Patents—Lists of Works published and in preparation—Monthly Medical, Commercial, Agricultural, and Meteorological Reports—Biographical Notices of Distinguished Characters—Army Promotions and Gazette Appointments—Marriages, Deaths, and principal Events in London and the Provinces—Bankrupts, Dividends, Prices of Stocks, Shares, Corn, Exchange, &c. &c.

No. I., for January, contained, Recollections of Dr. Parr, containing his Opinions of Byron, Moore, Scott, Malthus, Lady Byron, Burke, Sheridan, Johnson, Galt, and many others of celebrity—The Old Gypsy, by a well-known Writer—A Plan for the Abolition of Negro Slavery, by a West Indian Proprietor—Letters from the United States—Report of Vaccination in France—Rose's Ariosto—Remedy—Milton's Annotators and Commentators—Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Ledger—Degeneracy of the British Drama—Rev. Sydney Smith's Address to the Clergy—The Rat-Trap, an Anecdote in Cardinal Cibo's Life—The Miasms of the Marshes near the Mediterranean—Poetry, by F. H. and others—Review of Books—Reports—Registers—Army Promotions, &c. &c. &c.

No. II., for February, contained, amongst other matter of interest, the following Papers:—Lieut.-General Sir Richard Church's Personal Narrative of the Revolution at Palermo, in the Year 1820—The Young Gypsy, a Village Sketch—Recollections of Dr. Parr, between the Years 1818 and 1825, *concluded*—Wykehamite's Revenge against Adam's Antiquities—Leaves torn out of a Commonplace Book—The London University—On Ordination—The Palace of Love, from the Ninth Canto of the Henriade—The Austrians in Italy—Poetry, &c.—Review of Books—Philosophical, Chemical, and Scientific Reports—Registers—Army Promotions, &c. &c. &c.

The Supplement and concluding Number of the Old Series, published on Feb. 1, contained, beside the Title-page, Contents, and Index, to complete the Volume, the following important Papers:—Abstract of the Act relating to Weights and Measures, with Tables, &c. &c.—Consolidation and Amendment of the Law of Bankruptcy—Abstract of the New Jury Act—Hints on the Impressment of Seamen *(concluded)*—The Inquirer *(concluded)*—Further Remarks on the Non-Eternity of Matter—Contract Meetings in White Russia—Grand Fête at St. Petersburgh—On Female Education—The Economy of Taste, No. II.—On Bailey's History of the Tower—Importation of Foxes—Applications of Mechanic Science to Husbandry—Protestant Confessions—Sketches for Light Reading—A Child born Deaf taught to Speak—Reflections on the Old Year—On Didactic Poetry—Dramas of the Dead—Supplementary Poetry—Supplementary Review of Literature—Copious List of Patents which have been unnoticed in the last Twelve Months—Supplementary Varieties—Supplementary Obituary, &c. &c.
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The Number for January is adorned with a Portrait of Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen; and that for February with a Portrait of the Rev. David Hogue, D.D.
London: Published by H. Fisher, Son, and Co., 38, Newgate Street; and sold by all Booksellers.

New Works published in the course of the Week, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

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